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The Analerta

VOL. 13

Easter Number

No. 1

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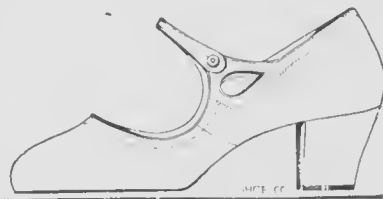
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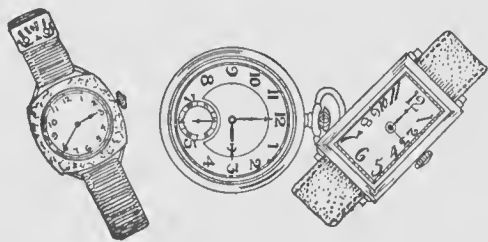
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*To those former students of
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tiring efforts in producing the
Analecta of other years, have
made it possible for us to pub-
lish this one, we, the staff of the
Analecta dedicate this issue of
our magazine.*



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ASST. EDITOR



A.R. CRAIG
EDITOR



CLAYTON CRANE
ASST. EDITOR



ZELLA OLIVER
LITERARY EDITOR

THE
STAFF
OF THE
ANALECTA
1927-28



GERALDINE HILL
SPORT EDITOR



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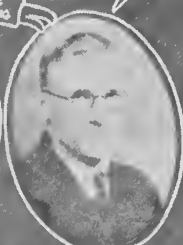
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Society - - - - - EVELYN SNOWDON

Sports	-	-	-	-	-	} FRED WEBSTER GERALDINE HILL

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VALEDICTORY

Valedictory—does not the very word itself express a sense of sadness, of leaving old familiar places, of breaking up of friendship's ties; especially so for those to whom it means the end of their school days. Yet we who are leaving Central Collegiate Institute are not entirely downcast upon finishing our years of preparation for entry into the fields of business. A feeling of gladness, of joy that we are alive, fills us when we remember it is now our time to go out, and see what we, in competition with the men of the world, are able to accomplish. Very soon we shall find how greatly the world of business differs from school. Yet many times in the future when perhaps we are faced with some difficult decision or situation will keen recollections of our happy and carefree time at C.C.I. come to us, and spur us on to greater effort—recollections of the merry crowd at the annual sports day and at rugby games, or of the gay dances of Kappa Kappa Tau, so much a part of Central Collegiate life.

The members of the staff, too, will be remembered, partly for their true scholarship and efficiency, partly for their kindly personal interest in us and their sincere efforts to aid us in developing all our abilities in order that we should be able to take full advantage of any opportunities which might come to us. Nor were there lacking among the members of the staff those elements of personality and human nature which are, perhaps, the true reason of their being remembered. When, for instance, will not the mention of French bring to mind the ever-present good humor and joviality, and inimitable little jokes of our highly esteemed French teacher.

Let us then, on leaving Central Collegiate Institute, resolve to devote our energies and ourselves to attain that measure of success in our life's work, whatever that work may be, as shall indicate that the efforts of this truly worthy staff of teachers, of friends and advisors are fully appreciated.

To Central Collegiate Institute, to the staff, to everything the term "C.C.I." includes, we bid farewell.



EDITORIAL

With each copy of the *Analecta* this year goes the sincere wish of the staff that the readers may long enjoy it, and that it will meet with the favor others have received. We also wish to thank the entire school for the co-operation and assistance which they have given us. The IX's and X's responded as never before to our requests for contributions and other students lived up to their reputations. The teachers have given us every possible aid and the supervising editors, Miss Elliot, Mr. Trout and Mr. Forsythe, have contributed very materially to our success. To all these our thanks are due and we extend them with deep gratitude.

It is the earnest desire of the staff that the publication of this number may mark the beginning of a new era at C.C.I. The school has for several years been without any student extra-class activities and this is a condition which should be remedied at once. No phase of school life is as important as student enterprise. With a view to assisting in the organization of Literary Societies and Debating Clubs we have made several suggestions in this magazine. We trust that these will be acted upon and that C.C.I.'s reputation in this regard may be upheld. The responsibility for these activities rests upon the shoulders of you who are in Grades IX, X, and XI. It is for you to carry on the traditions of the school.

In closing, the staff of the *Analecta* wish to extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Moore who was called East last fall because of the death of her sister. She is at present with her father, but will return to us next September. Her return will be welcomed by all the students.

We also desire to congratulate Mr. Forsythe for the recognition which his well-known story, "Yellow Clay," has recently received. It was reviewed by an eminent critic as one of the four best short stories written by Canadians in 1927. We are all proud of Mr. Forsythe and of his achievements in literary work, and we wish him every kind of success in the future.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

School spirit is usually considered to be the way in which a school supports athletic institutions, and is measured by most people by the volume of noise made at games. It is, however, much more than that. The attitude of students to teachers, the discipline of the school, the general interest in studies and student activities, such as Literary Societies, Debating Clubs, and the school magazine are just as important, if not more so, in the creation of a real school spirit. Hence any school to have a real school spirit must fulfil all these conditions.

How does C.C.I. measure up to this standard?

In some ways, splendidly. The general atmosphere of the school and the fine relations between students and teachers are commented upon by all visitors—and they are indeed worthy of comment. C.C.I. is fortunate in having a very fine staff and a student body drawn from homes where

discipline is enforced, making it easier at school. Then, too, we are always well up in the winning list in inter-scholastic sports. Each year our teams bring home some championships, and the appreciation of the students is shown by good attendance and hearty cheering at games.

Although even this could be improved in some respects.

But we fall down lamentably in one very important particular. Extra-class activities, such as "Lits." and Debating Societies, which have a most vital effect in maintaining school spirit, are almost entirely neglected. This is a condition which should not be permitted to exist in a school with the history and attendance we have. Elsewhere in the magazine you will find practical suggestions for the renewal of these activities. Students of Grades X and XI it is up to you to see that this situation is remedied. It is your duty to see Central restored to her place as the leading High School in Calgary. Do not fail her!

THE EDITOR.

The school year 1927-28 is now nearing its end. The success which crowns a High School course is due for the most part to our own efforts, but the cherished memories of High School life are the result of the spirit of comradeship and co-operation which characterize the work of our school years; to revive and retain these memories is the fundamental purpose of the *Analecta*. Moreover, the students receive an inestimable value from producing such a book. The material has been compiled, edited and published by the students under the management of their elected staff. Another important function that the *Analecta* serves is to provide the parents of High School pupils and other interested readers with information concerning the activities and projects which Central High School has carried on during the year and the aims and ends it is seeking to reach.

Our aim throughout has been to present a cross-section of the social and scholastic life that makes a year at Central High. The Editors have welcomed suggestions of any kind from the students and have adopted many of them. If students' names or contributions do not appear in the book they are omitted with much regret, but we trust that they will realize the extreme difficulty in compiling such a book and the limitations under which we labor.

After the reader has thoroughly absorbed the material in this annual, particularly that pertaining to academics, not neglecting to notice the numerous scholarships won by students of this school, he will be quite capable of judging Central High School. He will be able to answer such questions as: Do the corridors resound with the standardized chatter of a crowd or the serious conversation of thoughtful students? Do the social fields appear crowded, and the seats of learning comparatively deserted? Do the students appear predominantly jocular and free of care or have they a definite purpose? Do the students obtain their rating in the school according to the horse-power of their car or the horse-power of their intellect?

Assistant Editor, C. O. C.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

The High Schools of Calgary, now accommodating approximately two thousand pupils, began in a very small way. The first High School work done in the North-West Territories was commenced by Mr. James Short, ex-Crown Prosecutor for Calgary, in connection with Public School work, much the same way as in the rural districts today.

As population increased, the need of a High School separate from the Public School was felt and the first High School proper was built on Seventh Avenue behind the City Hall. Classes were opened here in September, 1903, with Mr. H. A. Sinnott as principal and Miss E. J. McPhail as assistant. Many of Calgary's present men and women received their High School education in this school, known as "Sleepy Hollow." Perhaps the most outstanding student of Sleepy Hollow is Mr. Jos. Shaw, leader of the Liberal party in Alberta. Mr. J. A. Smith was added to the staff in 1904 and became principal in 1907 upon the resignation of Mr. Sinnott. Mr. Smith resigned in 1908 to become an inspector of schools. He was succeeded by Mr. A. C. Newcombe.

Keeping pace with Calgary's increased population, the present High School was built in 1908. Many pessimists of that day declared that Calgary would never have enough High School students to fill its eight rooms, only five of which were then used as class rooms. The next five years showed how they had erred for by 1913 it was necessary to enlarge the building to its present size. When Central opened there were four teachers but a fifth was added to take charge of the commercial department which was just organized.

Mr. Newcombe resigned in 1911. During the following five years there were four principals. Dr. Hutchinson, our present principal, was appointed in 1916. During the years of Dr. Hutchinson's principalship Central has advanced rapidly, until now it is the largest and, of course, the best, High School in Calgary.

—MARJORIE FOSTER, XIC.

PICTURES OF FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

Central High School is indeed fortunate in having the interest of the Hon. R. B. Bennett in its welfare and progress. Not long ago enough pictures of the Fathers of Confederation were received to supply every student in the school. We are exceedingly grateful for this tangible souvenir of our country's past and the traditions each generation is called upon to maintain.

Our congratulations and best wishes go to Mr. Bennett as he assumes, for the first time, the responsibilities of Leader of the Opposition.

—HELEN JAMES.

RUGBY BANQUET

What happened to the Rugby Banquet? This question is at the present moment predominant in the halls of C.C.I. Yes, indeed, what did happen to it?

A number of Grade XII girls went to Dr. Hutchinson about it. They felt that the traditions of C.C.I. ought to be kept up and the rugby boys rewarded for their hard work and good sportsmanship.

Dr. Hutchinson, however, thought that as there was very little rugby this year, the season not being finished, and sports not being held this fall there was no need. Something had to be dropped this year because of the epidemic, and as there was to be an *Analecta* the Rugby Banquet had to go.

Needless to say next year's Grade XII girls will have one next fall and you'll make up for ours, won't you, girls?

However, there has been a suggestion of having a Hockey Banquet this year instead. What do you think of it, girls?

—SYLVIA KIRBY.

THE SCHOOL SPIRIT OF C.C.I.

"C.C.I. hasn't any school spirit at all." This is what students are saying. Has she any? If she hasn't, whose fault is it, and why?

Don't you think school spirit is up to the students themselves? I do, and you would too, most likely, if you thought it over.

Really C.C.I. has school spirit, otherwise who would care to buy rings, pins, jazz caps and so loyally stand up for the royal purple and gold?

You might say: That is just sentiment, a reminder of school days. If so, why not take other colors and other schools?

Yes, C.C.I. has school spirit. We find it everywhere, in the loyalty of the rooters at the many rugby games turning out even in stormy weather and in the persistence of the *Analecta* staff.

Everywhere an *Analecta* sign meets you and makes you start guiltily if you have not yet handed in any contributions.

If C.C.I. hasn't school spirit, why don't you go to work and make some. Help your school spirit by not waiting for the other fellow to start. Start something yourself.

A Word to the IX's and X's

C.C.I. has many traditions to be kept toward maintaining good school spirit. First of all, that of scholarship students. C.C.I. has a right to be proud of her scholarship students; then, too, C.C.I. has always ranked high in sports—rugby, basketball and hockey. She is noted for her Central Grads.

Indeed C.C.I. is a famous school. It is you, Grade IX's and X's, who must keep her famous.

We can't do more for we graduate all too soon from "Good old C.C.I."

As MacRae says :

"To you
We throw the torch
Be yours to hold it high."

Thus we leave the question of C.C.I.'s school spirit **safely** in your hands!

OUR 1927 SCHOOL CONCERT

One of the most interesting events in the school history for 1927 was the Annual Concert presented entirely by student talent.

When the request passed around the school about the beginning of March for artists to give their assistance towards arranging a worth-while entertainment, our school spirit was not found lacking and many responded to the call. The result was that the students gave a concert on Monday, March 28, 1927, in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and repeated the same in our Assembly Hall on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29 and 30, respectively.

Nor were the artists' endeavours the only evidence of our school spirit for an auditorium filled to the utmost with a sea of enthusiastic faces greeted the performers as the curtain was drawn aside each evening at 8 p.m.

The fine program consisted of a farce, "The Fatal Quest," by twelve senior students and four selections from our C.C.I. orchestra, which was especially deserving of mention. Vocal and instrumental numbers, as well as readings, dances and speeches, were contributed by Peggy Menzies, Fairy Muttart, Beryl Daniels, Jean Wonnacott, Peggy Mackay, Mary Hughes, Marjorie Hardy, Edith Seville, Muriel Oliver, Margaret Smith, Muriel Sherring, Jean Anderson, Betty Buckley, M. Galbraith, Amy Bowker, Dorothy Bennett, Vera Christie, M. Earle, Misses Coates and Hagel, Zella Oliver, Alice Howson and Gordon Withell, Wedgewood Robinson, Fred Bermingham, Arthur Buckley, Don Kepler and Tom Scrace.

—Z. OLIVER, XIIA.

A "NINER'S" IMPRESSIONS OF HIGH SCHOOL

I always liked Public School. There was, as a rule, plenty of fun and companionship to be had at any time, while there was always plenty of work to keep one occupied. However, when I entered on my last Public School year, I felt secretly happy that next year I would be able to start a new life at Central Collegiate as a "niner."

The first day of September, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, arrived at last. My great ambition was finally to be realized, and my joy over this fact knew no bounds. On reaching C.C.I. I knew at once that everything was going to be interesting, fascinating. And so it has proved.

What a difference a variety of teachers made to the enjoyment of the work. You know teachers are sometimes the cause of one's sleepiness in class or of one's alertness. Any student will understand perfectly the meaning I wish to convey, and I am sure they all feel that this variety of teachers is a great asset to the working of their feeble minds.

All the new subjects made me wish to work harder, that I might learn about them. All had a certain fascination—Geometry, with its intricacies, made especially interesting by Mr. Asselstine; Science, with its observations and experiments; Algebra, with its x-y-z's faithfully explained by Mr. Robinson, and French, with its "Bon jour, mademoiselle."

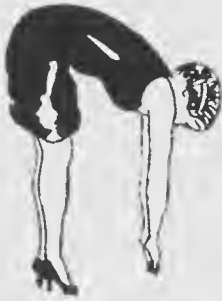
Detentions impressed me as being rather bothersome, and so far as I have heard, students, at least, agree with me. As for the teachers, I doubt very much if they enjoy keeping us poor things in after 4 o'clock to give us a lecture or five hundred lines to write.

It was, and is, the greatest relief imaginable to be able to go into school without having to march under the eye of a teacher until safely in the room. I shall never cease to be grateful for this—to me—decided privilege.

Altogether High School seemed to present few real difficulties, and I was perfectly satisfied to remain as a member of the great student body of C.C.I. until my course should be finished. This feeling has lasted until now, in February, I am writing these impressions for the *Analecta*.

THE GIRLS' PHYSICAL DRILL

At C.C.I. we have physical drill every morning. The girls take drill in their own rooms under the supervision of one of the lady teachers or girls. It is just the best practice we could have to exercise our muscles, to de-



Touch-Down.

velop our constitutions and to supply healthful recreation. Sitting cramped up in our desks all morning does not improve our youthful dimples and happy smiles, but makes us grouchy and tired. We all long just to stretch "miles and miles."

Now drill gives us that desired stretch among many other things. It stimulates our nerves, relaxes our minds and gives us more "pep" so that we return to our books with renewed energy. Having no recesses at C.C.I. drill gives us a short intermission which is employed usefully, helpfully and healthfully.

This is really an experiment which Dr. Hutchinson is observing with keen interest. Its success depends on the support of the students. All the girls who superintend the rooms commend its continuation; still your support is needed for its ultimate success.

The teachers and girls who supervise the rooms are:

Grade IX—Miss Field. Grade XA—Helen James. Grade XD—Patricia Parker. Grade XC—Dorothy Ford. Grades XB and XE—Beth Carscallen. Grades XIA and XIIA—Zella Oliver. Grade XIB—Betty Landells. Grades XIC and XID—Marian MacKay. Grade XIIB—Marjorie Kells.

—MARY CURRIE.

A GRADE TWELVER'S REFLECTIONS ON HIGH SCHOOL LIFE

Grade Twelve — the last year of High School — and in a few short months most of us will leave the dear old halls of C.C.I. for ever. Pleasant thought? Well, perhaps—no more homework, no more detentions, no more exams—but, on the other hand, no more school hikes or dances or rugby games—no more waving the purple and gold banner at the hockey games and cheering the team to victory with the time-honored "Old Locomotive."

Graduation means breaking old ties and forsaking familiar scenes for new friends and new surroundings. It means that we are nearly grown up and that we must get out into the world and accept our responsibility. Except for those fortunate ones with a University career in view the future is a great big black place and, when June comes, we won't be very joyful to think that school days are done.

True, High School life has its unpleasant features. Those impossible French rules and Latin verbs—the thousands of formulae and the frightful conundrums we have to solve for Mr. Asselstine (not that he can't do them himself, of course), all loom up like evil spirits that fill days and haunt the nights, and we can't help being glad to think they will soon be things of yesterday. We'll be glad, too, to speak of "cramming" for exams and the fun we missed because we had to study in the past tense. But we'll miss the friendly, helpful teachers, the joy of accomplishment and discovery, the thrill of belonging to "the gang," and in after years we'll probably sigh for "Auld Lang Syne." Doubtless, too, when we're old and hoary we'll sing to our grand-children that moth-eaten refrain: "Your school-days are the best days of your life."

So let's crowd these last few months with healthy fun and good hard work. Then we'll have something to show for our four years in High School and we'll all agree that "It's a great life if you don't weaken."

—BETTY HARVEY, XIA.

GRADUATION

Christmas has come and gone, Easter, with its attendant gruelling exams, now looms upon our horizon. Soon the Fearsome Finals will march past in dread array; and then, out of the turmoil, comes Graduation.

"Graduation," according to Webster, "is the conferring or reception of an academic degree." But it means far more than that to us,—it is one of the cross-roads of life, it is a parting of the ways.

For next year, our ranks will be scattered, our well-known seats filled with other faces. Some, enjoying college life, will trundle peanuts along the sidewalk with their scholarly noses, and catch a cold because half their manly heads have been shaved. Others, having finished Normal, will drill the laws of multiplication and division into heavy heads, and sympathize with their co-mates in toil. Many will work; a few, perhaps, will attend business college. As for the rest of us—well, we shall be found somewhere, last, but not least.

And so it goes from year to year. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." In a short time, it will all be a thing of the past. Then we shall pull out our well-thumbed *Analectas*, smudge the pages once again, and think of both our joys and sorrows in the Hall of Learning.

It won't be long now! But let us hope that, at the end, we have been more than little containers, into which our teachers have laboriously poured a stream of facts. Let us hope that, though we have obligingly poured them out again, once and for all, a few of those precious drops shall remain, as evidence to our instructions of toil not in vain.

DORIS CORMIE, XIA.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

The season 1926-27 saw the revival of those much-loved Lits., with their interesting debates and entertainments. This is a splendid way of arousing an active interest in good old C.C.I., and it is to be hoped that something may yet be done along this line during the present term.

There were three of these Societies,—one for the IX's, another for the X's and still another for XI's and XII's combined. These Lits, which took place in the Assembly Hall, are especially noteworthy as they proved

that C.C.I. still had lots of good brains (though they aren't always visible on the surface).

Among the Senior Lits the first was an able discussion on the topic: "Resolved that Chinese and Japanese immigrants should be excluded from Canada." The negative was supported by Jean Rutherford and B. Ludlow and the affirmative by Helen James and Violet Silverthorn. By a very close margin this debate was won by the negatives. A most entertaining program was put on by XIA, and much amusement was derived from the play: "The Fateful Quest."

Later, XIC and XIA had a chance to air their views on the subject: "Resolved that Motion Picture Theatres are a valuable asset to the community." Beth Carscallen and Bob Bray upheld the negative, while Pat Parker and S. Topley comprised the affirmative. An excellent discussion, pro and con, ensued, and the judge, Mr. McAdam, who said he found it very difficult to decide the winner, finally awarded the decision to the negative team. A program consisting of a short skit by W. Davidson and I. Chaiken, a piano solo by Sarah Campbell, and solo dancing by Peggy Mackay, well deserved the hearty applause which followed each.

The Junior Lits. put on a few debates, but seemed to die out after the Christmas festivities.

Such is the tale of the short but joyful season of the Lit. Societies. Where have they gone? No one knows—except that they, like the recesses and the Student Council, are mere ghosts of things that were. Their absence is deeply mourned, and when we still have talent to burn in C.C.I., why not use it to good advantage?

JANET LEARMONTH.

LEAP YEAR

Leap Year is the name given to a year which comes every four years and has three hundred and sixty-six days. It does not occur in the first year in each century, why, goodness only knows. Leap Year has been handed over to the ladies, especially the elder ones, to give them their last chance at obtaining a husband, also known as "Hubby" or "My Old Man." The reason of the popular term "Hubby" cannot be satisfactorily explained as very few wives of the present age regard their own husbands as the "Hub" of their life, but invariably consider some one else's husband in that light. We wander from the subject. As I said before, Leap Year has been given to the ladies as a last chance to obtain a husband or a meal ticket for life and the said husband is provided for the same period with the job of acting as the meal ticket and of taking all the abuse which his wife cares to give him. Our sympathy is hereby extended to the unfortunate males caught in such a predicament.

On the other hand, is it fair to give the ladies only one year in four, and then cheat them out of it in the first year in each century? Common sense echoes, "Nay, nay." In these days of women hollering for equal rights (we hear nothing about them wanting unequal lefts) and adopting all the former signs of masculinity and the men adopting the mannerisms of the fair sex, it is only right that we should give them an equal break. Why not give them two years in four instead of only one? I wish to make it clear at this point that I am not referring to jail sentences, but to the females being allowed to have more time to propose to mere man. It is possible that some leader of women may take this question up with

the proper authorities but I claim exemption from any blame for mentioning such a movement.

While advocating increasing the ladies' opportunities in this respect, I have no use for the idea itself. A mere man may desire to cleave to his bachelor's apartment and the joys of celibacy but it must be very hard to refuse a proposal of marriage emanating from one of the modern flappers. He would be justified in doing so in the case of a spinster who has been laid on the shelf for an indefinite number of years, and in all probability, is old enough to be his mother, but the burning question is, what would a single man do after receiving such an epistle as this:

PROPOSAL VILLA,

Leap Year Avenue.

My dear and most respected Sir,
I send you this your love to stir,
'Tis you I've chosen first of all
On whom to make a Leap Year call.
Your heart and hand I ask not in jest
So send me back without delay
Your answer, either "Yea" or "Nay."
But if your hand does not incline
In Wedlock's clasp to join with mine,
You must the Leap Year Law obey,
And down to me \$10.00 pay,
Besides, kind Sir, a handsome dress.
I'll ask no more and take no less.
Now you may think that this seems funny,
But I must have a man or money,
So send me back a quick reply.
Let me be your wife until I die.
If the writer's name you can guess,
Send this back to my address
And if for me there is no hope
Send me back six yards of rope.
I remain, with love and kisses,
From one who wants to be your Missus.

I maintain that there is no possible chance for any man to avoid a trip to the altar after receiving such a pressing invitation. This is the kind of letter a certain embryo M.D. (Not Mule Driver) now in XIX is liable to receive in the next Leap Year, 1932. He is hereby advised to watch his step that year or the bogey man, or woman, in the guise of either of two flappers, at present in his good books, may send to him. I do not wish to appear too personal but some of the students of XIX have had an opportunity of watching him perform as a mender of girl's stockings. Should he be as expert at sewing up his future patients as he is at present at mending stockings, then his practice will be most successful. Everyone must admit that the above mentioned practice of mending stockings is most dangerous during Leap Year and I give this instance to show the desperate methods flappers will employ to ensnare the innocent young men of today.

M. H. DANN, XIX.

TENNIS

After you have looked through this magazine, you may or may not have noticed the fact that the pictures of our tennis champions are missing. On the surface, it may seem of slight significance, yet in reality, tennis is one of those vital games which help to carry on and stimulate better school spirit.

That C.C.I. has a history, no one doubts, but to date, tennis in Central seems to have aroused little interest. The old game which should give us so much fun, such a game to demonstrate school and athletic spirit, to really find that C.C.I. has some budding tennis champions, is lacking. Why have we no courts? Why is there no enthusiasm to try and arouse a little interest in this world's international game?

Some people who are prejudiced argue that all brawn and no brain is a deplorable condition. Yet we must have a strong body to support a strong mind. If we have no athletics, our bodies will remain undeveloped, and we will not be fitted for the tasks which we are called upon to perform in later life.

One way to overcome this unbalanced feature in our development is to have a tennis court gracing old C.C.I. grounds; for we surely have lots of room and lots of players. These courts will add to the school's beauty, provide a place for recreation and entertainment, and enable us to branch out on another phase of athletics.

Another year for tennis is drawing near. Let's make tennis more than a thing to talk about. Let's get right at it, appoint competent officers who will see this carried to a successful issue, and thus recover something of the glory which Central has lost for the past few years.

And to this end let every one do his part, and make it a real success, because tennis is entirely worthy of the best traditions of C.C.I.

By ONE WHO PLAYS.

THE BOY'S DRILL

Our recesses have gone, but in their place we have something which is doing all of us more good than running over to the store and eating a chocolate bar—namely, physical drill.

Dr. Hutchinson thought it would be necessary to have some means of recreation to split up the morning periods, which would enable us to keep our minds on our work better than we had been doing in the past. For, as we all know, the seats in this school, (and probably every other school) are very hard, and just about the time the second bell rings at the end of the second period, we are all nearly asleep, hearing very little or nothing our teachers have to say.

This drill was thought the best solution to the problem, and with this view in mind, our principal started our drill. It is, however, entirely an experiment, and the success which attends it depends entirely on the way it is received by the boys.

Under the able instruction of the following teachers, our drill is being carried on, and we hope it may continue, in order to do us as much good as it already has done:

XII's—Mr. Woodman, Mr. Beresford.

XI's—Mr. Trout, Mr. Scott, Mr. Asselstine.

X's—Mr. Menzies, Mr. Forsythe.

IX's—Mr. McAdams, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Jones.

THREE AND ONE-HALF YEARS AT C.C.I.

That first year at C.C.I., the basis of our attitude, was admiration. We admired the teachers—they knew so much; they could tell whether you had your homework done or not, merely by looking at you, they knew how to make you take up an infinitely small share of room in this world if you didn't have it done; and they knew how to make you dread the four o'clock bell. "See me at four" was the common saying of many of them. We admired the Grade X students. We knew what they had undergone the previous year, and yet they seemed quite cheerful about it. We admired the Grade XI students. Oh yes, we would look down on the poor kids in Grade IX when we reached that high position; in case we had not died of overwork in the meantime. We admired those in Grade XII—they were so wise. Most of them knew more than the teachers. We admired Dr. Hutchinson. Even the smartest among us, those who could fool the teachers, couldn't escape the wily Doctor. He always seemed to be "just passing by the door" when something the teacher didn't notice, was going on. But most of all we admired the inspectors. Oh, no! the teachers couldn't hide the fact that they themselves were afraid of these self-important old gentlemen, who came at about the same time every year and invariably gave the "class" a "bad mark." It was even whispered that our principal himself was afraid of them!

During the second year we were inclined to take things more cheerfully. At least we weren't the lowest class in the school. Although the seniors, the teachers and the inspectors often excited admiration and sometimes fear in our minds; nevertheless we could look down on the Grade IX's and the janitors. Then, too, during agriculture periods Mr. Scott would sometimes allow us to go down to that strange room where those in Grade XII made strong and smelly concoctions which often caused those, even on the second floor, to close the doors and open the windows. Here we were permitted to smell, touch and sometimes taste, strange substances. This was a sign of respect to our intelligence because we knew of the sad fate of the chemistry teacher of whom the Grade XI students were wont to tell us.

"Mr. K taught us chemistry, but he doesn't any more.

For what he thought was H_2O , was H_2SO_4 ."

Although we were told that neither of these substances was of an alcoholic nature, apparently Mr. K had, for some reason, been tempted to take H_2O , but a slight mistake on his part, had caused unlooked-for results.

In Grade XI our attitude was indifference. Although we were constantly being reminded that June was approaching, there did not seem to be any immediate reason for doing our homework. The bugbears of Grades IX and X, namely, detentions, did not worry us a great deal. The teachers had to go hungry as long as we did, and besides if we were kept in, as a rule, we could arrive home late any day with the excuse "had a detention." Our knees ceased to give way under us when Doctor Hutchinson came on the scene. In fact, in our estimation, he was no better than most of the other teachers. Didn't he teach arithmetic, and call us all by our first names? By the end of the term we could make the Grade IX's stare at us open-mouthed, simply by declaring that $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4 + 2\text{NaI}$ would produce $2\text{HI} + \text{Na}_2\text{SO}_4$ when mixed together. Even the inspectors could not make our hearts beat any faster. We knew that they weren't inspecting "the class" as most of the teachers would like us to believe.

So far, this year, our attitude has been self-pity. How those teachers can give us homework in such enormous quantities, is hard to understand. They also give us detentions which are most annoying. Large placards and posters, all over the school announce to us the fact that we are expected to contribute to the *Analecta*; but if we should dare to waste one moment of precious homework time on that magazine, we will most surely while away an hour or so in somebody's room, after four. To us in Grade XII the coming of the inspectors is looked forward to with joyful anticipation. They don't give us detentions, and when they are in the room the teachers are too excited to give us any homework.

We do not know whether we are glad or sorry that this is our last year in High School. Every one is pleased to think that he has accomplished some difficult task, yet when you consider everything, High School has its advantages and pleasures, and I do not think we will leave the Old Hall of Learning without experiencing some pangs of regret.

C.C.I. AND THE AIR FORCE

At this time, when the world is interested in aviation, it is fitting that we honor the C.C.I. boys who took such a prominent part in the air force of the Great War. Even as college boys, they, no doubt, dreamed of flying high into the heavens, of exploring heights that no man had yet conquered.

And so, when the call came in 1914, they responded, ready to give their enthusiasm, their strength, even their life if need be, to the one cause.

Among these was Captain Sinclair, then Willard Sinclair, brother of Mrs. W. W. Wilson. He immediately enlisted in the 191st Battalion of the Officers Training Corps and went to England as a draft. Following his training there, he was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and sent to France. During the great 1918 campaign, he piloted his machine over the battle front. Then came Armistice, and Captain Sinclair was retained with the Army of Occupation at Cologne for three years. Following several months in England, he was sent to Constantinople where he remained for one year. Captain Sinclair had a distinct honor accorded him, for he was the second officer in the British Air Forces who took off from the deck of a ship. When the Sultan of Turkey was forced to flee to Greece Captain Sinclair, among others, escorted his ship. Then a four months' furlough was granted. But Captain Sinclair did not take it as a rest, for he plunged vigorously into rugby. During his school days he had played on the Canuck's and on C.C.I.'s team, and now he was chosen to play before 30,000 people on the team to oppose the "All Blacks." But his furlough ended and he returned to England, to be transferred to Irak. Here, for a short time, he had charge of aeroplane construction. Captain Sinclair received the "D.F.C.," the French "Croix de Guerre," and was recommended for the Belgian "Croix de Guerre."

Another C.C.I. aviator was Flight-Major Spencer Kerby, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Kerby. He, too, with John Turner-Bone, at the call for men, determined to enlist. But at that time there was no Canadian Air Force, and so the two men paid their own way over to England—the first two Canadians to enter the Royal Naval Air Force. After training, Major Kerby was sent to Gallipoli against the Turks. Through that campaign he served well, only to be stricken with fever and detailed to Malta. Per-

haps one of the best examples of his character is shown in an incident that occurred in the English Channel. Fighting with a German plane he shot it down, and headed for land; but looking back, he saw the German struggling in the waters. Tempting death, Major Kerby flew low and threw his life-belt to the wounded German.

When the war ended, he was one of thirteen chosen from the Royal Naval Air Forces to attend a new institution, called Air Force College. Here, Major Kerby was appointed a lecturer, and the fact that he was a graduate of Toronto University in Mechanical Engineering, enabled him to complete a two-year's course in one. Upon his graduation he was detailed to Quetta, India, where he is at present located. At the opening of the Parliament Buildings at Delhi, Major Kerby was in charge of the great air pageant, a marvel of winged splendor. But his greatest honor was to be the escort of the Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin, on his air trip over the vast unexplored parts of Northern India.

Captain F. R. McCall, known to Calgary as "Freddie McCall," enlisted in the spring of 1916 with the 175th Battalion, and in the fall of that year he went to England. Shortly after, he was transferred to the Flying Corps and early in 1917 entered the Officer's Infantry Training School at Crowborough. After being transferred to R.F.C. he received his commission as Lieutenant in 1917, and after two months in the Flying Corps, went over with Observation Squadron No. 13 to France. Following nearly four months of continuous fighting he returned to England and joined the 41st Squadron. With these men, he again entered the struggle, but was invalided to England and returned to Canada in October, 1918. Captain McCall received for his bravery the "D.S.O.," the "M.C." and bar, and the "D.F.C.."

These men fought and would have died gladly for their country, but there is one who did give his all, who rests "in Flanders Fields"—Ralph Shearer, son of Rev. Dr. Shearer. As a lad he dreamed of flying and in later years his dreams came true. But like others, when war started, he found that one must go to England to enlist in the Flying Corps. And so, just graduated, he joined a surveying party to the Lesser Slave Lake, to secure money. His application as an aviation student was received, and with a party he travelled to St. Augustine, Florida, to go in training. But when the funds were paid, when the boys were perhaps, a wee bit homesick and needed comfort, the man who had taken their money proved to be a fraud, and they were left, their money gone, to do the best they could. Lieutenant Shearer remained and secured his certificate in the "Aero Club of America," but he, no doubt, had lost part of his boyish trust in mankind. When 1916 arrived, he was sent in training to England. On November 7th he was appointed "Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N. Wing No. 3" by the Air Department of the Admiralty, and twelve days later was sent to the front.

The men loved him, for he was just a boy, but a boy who was frank and jolly and a "good sport," in appearance, much like our Prince of Wales, and with the same winning personality. And with his comrades he did his best.

Once, with his squadron, he was caught 75 miles in the interior of Germany. Rather than yield to the enemy, they determined on a dash for France. High, high into the clouds they rose, so high that their hands and faces were frozen. The Germans were waiting below; certain death faced them if they went higher, but on they sped. Just when they could no longer hold out, when their frozen hands lost control, they reached their own lines.

So, for more months, Lieutenant Shearer laughed and fought and risked death, through it all creeping closer and closer into the hearts of his buddies (a term not used in British forces).

A short six months filled with triumphs and sacrifices; then came the word that the daring young aviator from C.C.I. was killed. And his "pals" who had loved him erected a cross, made from his plane, and on a copper plate they inscribed the words:

"In memory
of
Flight Sub-Lieut. T. R. Shearer, R.N.A.
killed on active service,
13-6-17.
Erected by his Squadron No. 9, R.N.A.S.
R.I.P."

Under a little white cross in Flanders he rests, while over him the poppies sway gently to and fro, whispering to him of the glory of the sunsets, of the gay song of the lark, of a hope that is to be.

So these men live, and have lived, giving to the boys of the present C.C.I. an example of a courage, of a bravery that will endure forever.

DOROTHY L. FORD.

LEADERSHIP

(To the C.C.I. boys and girls who will soon be going out into
the world alone):

Fellow students of C. C. I., the time is not far distant when we will reach a turnstyle in our lives. Are we going to stand upon the bottom step, and let the others pass by, or, or are we going to be among the leaders who march triumphantly over and on up the ladder of success?

In religion, in education, in politics, in industry, the world must have leaders. These must lead, not because accident has thrown them into prominence, but because they possess the qualities of true leaders—they are willing to make a great sacrifice. Austin Hopkinson has put the matter in these beautifully chosen words:

"He who would see the vision without which the people perish must dare to climb the peak of leadership which rises cold and bare above the mist. The warm fireside of home is not for him, but only the steep mountain path, the driving rain, and at the end an unknown grave among the rocks, with perhaps a purpose unaccomplished still. But whether success or failure comes at last, the very effort brings a great reward."

This reward is not, indeed, the golden prize which others seek. It is no fulfilment of greed or ambition, such as may gain applause and envy from the mob. Nor it is even the honour and affection of his fellowmen. For the true leader of men is he who takes upon himself the form of a servant, who becomes greatest by being the least, who saves his life by losing it, who believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things, not that others may love him, but rather that he may learn to love them.

Apply this statement to some of the greatest leaders the world has known,—Christ, Socrates, Mohamet, Galileo, Calvin, and Zwingli, Erasmus and Luther. Did these men not suffer, and suffer untold persecution, yet they went on with their work, their lives in their hands. Not all accomplished what they wished, but all became leaders of world-wide movements established for the benefit of humanity.

In personal life a man who is true to his trust and faithful to his promises, needs no other recommendation. He may be imposed upon and at times derided, but in the end he will make good, with his fellows, and will from day to day have the approval of a good conscience. Nor does every man who is successful in business, nor every man who makes loud profession of religion come in this class. Neither does college training guarantee the moral qualities which are so desirable. True manhood respects not race, nor class, nor creed, nor color.

In family life this same personal integrity and friendly attitude are equally desirable. For wife and husband to be able to trust each other implicitly—this is the secret of all family happiness—for both parents to enjoy and seek the companionship of their children—this is the secret of permanent peace and understanding.

So, too, in the history of the nation we must be led by men who are honest and upright. No matter how clever, and wealthy they may be, they are nothing if they are not to be depended upon. To men who know no deceit and who wink at no wrong doing, there is no possibility of sectional bias and party blindness.

Nor can we succeed nationally unless there is genuine good-will—a willingness to work with others, to help others. This applies to distinctions of every kind. Recently we have had in Canada the spectacle of differing creeds ignoring their differences and concentrating on common policies. There was undoubtedly a good side to this. We say nothing as to methods nor as to sacrifice of principles. The same drawing together should be witnessed among all the different nations of the world, and in time I firmly believe that it will.



We all may be leaders, yes each and every one. I do not mean by that, that we all may be leaders of large social circles, large communities or even small circles. No, that is impossible because everyone cannot lead the world. But each one can lead some one individual. One person can lead a brother or a sister from the darkened hollow of despair unto the sunny hillside of hope where they may climb to success and in turn lead someone else. In this way we may become leaders, not of only one person, but of many.

This cannot be done, however, by criticizing, or by scorning and sneering. It is done by stepping out of the laughing, jeering crowd and lending a helping hand to those in trouble. If a person has a little peculiarity that people are laughing about, why laugh with them? Step out and help such a one to overcome the peculiarity of which he himself may be unconscious. If you happen to be more clever in some subject than your neighbor, why not help him overcome his difficulty, instead of smiling at it. In this way, and this alone, my schoolmates, we may become leaders of humanity, true leaders, leaders whom the world is needing.

Are you going to be a leader, or one who is led? It is for you to decide.

VERNONA POTTS.

AN INTERVIEW

One day to the Editor came an opportunity to try his hand at reporting. He seized upon it with avidity, and the result is the following interview with our well-known friend, Inspector J. A. Smith.



Mr. Smith speaks with authority on all the questions he was asked. He is in close touch with High School life throughout the Province and has had an excellent opportunity to study all its problems at close quarters.

The first question which was put to him was one which is of special interest to every student—that of homework. Mr. Smith believes that students to-day are not overburdened with homework.

"If a student goes at this work systematically and concentrates properly, he can finish it in two hours in Grades IX and X, and in two and a half to three hours in the higher grades," said Mr. Smith. "Long hours of study do more harm than good. The student who spends from five to seven hours a day on his schoolwork runs a serious risk of deadening his mental faculties and ruining his eyesight."

A problem which has to be faced by all High School students is that of social activity. "Why not a school dance?" is a query heard on every side. Mr. Smith's views on this point leave no room for doubt.

"School dances and such activities in the student body are a dangerous thing as they are almost impossible to control. There is invariably a reaction which reflects on the school and is very harmful to students," are his words on this subject. He believes that all students should have some social recreation—one night a week—but it should be controlled by the home. The average student should leave most social activities alone when at school. In connection with this subject he made a very concrete suggestion that Grades X and XI could, each year, give a reception to the graduating class. This would undoubtedly be of benefit to both.

A feature of school life that is at present lacking at C.C.I. is extra-class activities, such as Literary Societies and Debating Clubs. This being a subject in which all students should be interested, the Editor asked Mr. Smith for his opinions on it. The reply was that "they are an excellent thing and should be encouraged." Inspector Smith says that debating and literary societies form an important part of school life which should not be neglected. His suggestion for "Lits." is that they be held once a month and that a whole afternoon should be devoted to them at this time. In this way each grade could be made responsible for a part of the program and a really live educational entertainment could be presented to which every student would look forward with keen interest. This is a suggestion which might well be taken up next year. Mr. Smith is also strongly in favor of inter-class and inter-school athletics, although he maintains that a proper balance should be kept between sports and school work.

The last question was "What is your opinion of Physical Drill as carried on at C.C.I.?" To this Mr. Smith replied that "Physical Drill has a very valuable place in school life and is of benefit at all times. It is very well handled at Central by both teachers and students, but there should be gymnasiums for boys and girls where the work could be performed much better."

In concluding his remarks, Mr. Smith stated that C.C.I. is at present in better shape than it has ever been before. He considers that the school spirit is one of the best in the city, our splendid principal, efficient staff and fine class of students all contributing to this end.

ARTHUR R. CRAGG.

TO HAVE—OR NOT TO HAVE

The necessity for a Debating Club has been only too apparent in the student body for the past year. While many of the boys and girls are splendid orators, yet the majority are nervous and ill-at-ease when required to speak. A Debating Club would eliminate this, and educate all students in the art of public-speaking.

A Club of this type could be carried on in much the same manner as the "Lits." of the Normal School. A president and other officers would be elected, probably by the teaching staff, who would undertake to arrange a series of debates. These at first, would be simply room contests, the winners debating other rooms, and eventually there would be a final elimination contest.

But not only the best speakers should be chosen, for then only a privileged few are benefited. All students, regardless of their ability, should be trained and coached on oratorical matters. And in this connection, the debater should know his subject so thoroughly that notes should be unnecessary.

A prominent society, the members of which are all C.C.I. students or graduates, the Kappa Kappa Tau, has generously donated a cup, to be given to the winners of the debates. This, in itself, without the accompanying fame, is an incentive to the organization of such a Club.

The students of C.C.I.—the IX's, and the X's and the XP's—will be responsible next year for the success or failure of our school. And it is to them that we make our appeal, for they will surely carry on a Club that will bring fame to C.C.I.

DOROTHY L. FORD.


EASTER EXAMINATIONS

(With apologies to Lord Byron)


Roll near thou dread examinations, roll.
Six hundred pupils work for thee in vain.
You mark our life with ruin: our control
Stops with the 'xams, in this scholastic fame;
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A shadow of our courage: just a moan,
When for a moment like a man in pain
We sink into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a chance, our lessons 'gotten or unknown.

JEAN CAMERON, XE.







G. Oliver




B. Dwyer




K. White




P. Long




B. Fisher




G. Tandy




B. Corvalla




H. Clary




H. Quinn




H. Clark




S. Sims




R. Livingston




B. Wilson




B. Murray




J. Pierce




J. Gilder




B. Bushley




S. White




B. Carrington




H. Jones




F. Davis




A. Struss




B. Kline




B. Banta




W. Elbert




C. Welch




D. Becker




B. Chase




A. Long




E. Burke




J. Parker




S. Smith




D. Ford




H. Howard




S. Goodrich



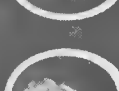
C. Johnson




H. Freeman



A. Gaskill




R. Walsh



T. Turner

Central Collegiate

Graduation class



Mr. E. Woodman

12-A

1927-28



XIIA's WHO'S WHOOSIER

Mary Currie—Hails from Carbon, but finds Calgary a much better place to live. Noted for her flowing tresses and ability to do Algebra—to which we attribute much of her popularity. Ambition—to make a remark without having to repeat it.

“Her voice was ever low, gentle and soft.”

Beatrice Grant—A charming young Calgarian, who says little but manages to repeat it frequently. Ambition—to swim the channel.

Motto : “Beware of him who talks too much of his virtue.”

Gladys Ross—Famed in four High Schools for her basketball prowess. Ambition—to be one of the C.C.I. Grads. Something of a chatterbox in spite of her heart of gold.

“Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing—more than any man in all Venice.”

Katherine Loftsgarden—A baby, playing baby tricks. Favorite occupation—sticking pins in Layton. Noted for her ability to skip detentions. Ambition—to chew gum all day without getting caught.

Motto : “The only way to have a friend is to be one.”

Ruth Walsh—We don't see much of her in XIIA, but according to reports from XIC—“Least said soonest mended.” Ambition—to find out how to make H_2S

“I murmur under moon and stars,
But **not** to brambly wildernesses.”

Onnalee Crane—One of those pleasingly plump young ladies who are never out of temper. Since Peck occupies most of her attention during Trig. period her knowledge in that line is entirely dependent on him. Ambition—to win Mr. Asselstine's approval.

“And in her cheeks the dimples chase each other out and in.”

Marian Black—Class dramatist. Favorite occupation—imitating Miss Seville for the benefit of all and sundry. Noted for her fondness for perfumed soap and repeating at five minute intervals, “Ain't it the truth, I ask you?” Ambition—to stay in a back seat for one whole Trig. period.

“He was my man, but he done me wrong.”

Beth Carscallen—Everybody's friend and a leading light in our social activities. Chief occupation—reading old *Analectas* in and out of classes. We don't know what her ambition is but she makes a peach of a chauffeur.

“And she is fair, and fairer than that word of wondrous virtues.”

Betty Buckley—A merry Miss with a sense of humour. Pet saying—“Oh, gee! I'm ticklish, kid.” Chief occupation—tormenting the neighbors and providing competition of the cats with her sax.

“Her hair is spun sunshine,
And her eyes of heaven's blue.”

Helen James—A very decided individual—would make an excellent back seat driver. Noted for her gymnastics during drill period. Favorite occupation—making comments on everything and everybody.

“Snatch gaily the joys which the moment shall bring and away every care and perplexity fling.”

Phyllis Steele—Appears too bored to be interested in such commonplace people as us. Noted for saying little and knowing much.

"Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be."

Patricia Parker—A brilliant scholar and a real good scout. Chief occupation—burning the midnight oil. Favorite Expression: "Quite simple, just do this and that and there you have it."

"He who can master his early hours has won in the battle of life."

Edith Seville—A hero worshipper. Chief occupation—vamping our "petit garcon intellectual." Excels in dramatic monologue.

"Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."

Doris Cormie—A demurely dignified young lady. Pet ambition—to shine in the heavens of commercial art. Chief occupation—decorating autograph albums.

"Patience is a flower that grows not in every garden."

Georgina Dunlop—Chief failing—chemistry. Occupation—making everyone love her, particularly— ? ? ?. Favorite expression : "Now is that nice?" Ambition—to shake the dust of C.C.I. from her feet forever.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you streak your rouge."

Blanche Bennetson—Our friend from the wide open spaces. Admired for her good taste in coming to Calgary, and for her ringlets. Favorite expression : "I hope to tell you—absolutely." Occupation—heaven only knows—when, where or why.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

Jessie Calder—Serious? A lot you know. Favorite expression : "I don't take composition, Miss Kaulbach." Ambition—to be an aviatrix—and not from the back seat, either.

"The best things are done up in small parcels."

Ronald Harris—He's divinely tall, too, and has a most fascinating dimple in his chin. Noted for his bashfulness. Ambition—to get somewhere, where girls can't bother him.

"That man way up in the world."

Donald Becker—He would look sweet in overalls and a straw hat—but he's quite a sheik in his "plus fours." His gospel is:

"Wise men reflect before they speak;
Fools speak, and then think after."

Harold Robbins—Like all the rest of us he has ambitions, occupations, and pet sayings, but goodness knows what they are.

"Full many a rose is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Tom Baker—A loyal Kiltie from the best country in the world. Chief occupation—translating Latin for Cameron. Favorite expression: "Hoots mon! Dinna fash yersel." Ambition—to be just like Mr. Menzies.

"I wasna fu'. I just had a plenty."

Cameron Jamieson—Judging from his name he ought to be able to eat Scotch pudding. Favorite occupation—abusing Baker and all the other little boys. Pet ambition—to drive a water wagon.

Motto : “Keep your eyes open and shuffle the cards.”

Donald Blaine—Blew in last fall from Bow Island, where all the other gas and hot air comes from. Famous for his patent leather pumps.

Motto : “Never put off till tomorrow what you can put off till the day after tomorrow.”

Howard Becker—Has done everything from mountain climbing to digging spuds. Ambition—to put one over on Donald.

“’Tis a serious business—this life.”

Zella Oliver—Our drill instructor. ‘Nuff sed. Favorite expression : “Snap into it, girls.” Ambition—to be a lady.

“Her eyes are stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too her dusky hair.”

Keith Munro—Affectionately known as “Big Boy.” Noted for always having an opinion of his own. Pet saying: “I haven’t got my book here.” Ambition—to do nothing and get away with it.

—“He needs no eulogy—He speaks for himself.”

Bob Bray—Recently promoted to a back seat. Has very appealing brown eyes and a sweet innocent expression. Declares solemnly, “I never felt the kiss of love, nor maiden’s hand in mine.” (Now, I’ll tell one). By the way—we would remind him that “None but the brave deserve the fair.”

Harry Gibson—A yell leader, who appears to have discovered perpetual motion. Favorite expression : “Aw, sweetie, you ain’t sore at me?” If he manages to be on time for his wedding, his wife can have him on time for his funeral. Otherwise, he will probably get there for the last hymn.

Arthur Buckley—Noted for his passion for “Sesame and Lilies.” Chief occupation—getting kicked out of class. Favorite expression : “How should I know,—pass the puck please.” Ambition—to say as much as possible in as short a time as possible.

“I am always a quarter of an hour early and it has made a man of me.”

Gerald White—Noted for his coiffure, but who does his marcel is a dead secret. Chief occupation—broadcasting—mostly hot air. Ambition—to be a second Valentino.

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily, is superfluous and ludicrous excess.”

Patrick Lang—Big financial push in the *Analecta*. Has recently achieved long trousers, but still declines to wear a collar. Chief occupation—everything but homework. Ambition—to have a statue of himself in the park.

“Care will kill a cat—so let’s be merry.”

Cyril Walsh—Captain of the Junior Hockey Team and a brilliant player. Because his sister keeps an eye on him, he appears to be a model child.

“Up, guards, and at ’em.”

George Dann—Noted for his pale lavender expression and his brains. Ambition—to be mayor of Calgary.

“Gee, I’m mighty blue.”

Kenneth White—Witty gentleman whose chief aim in life is to be a hash-slinger. Noted for his eyebrows.

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver."

Bob Wallace—One of the flaming youths who decided that life wouldn't be complete without a year at C.C.I. So, after four years of wandering, drifted in last September. A lady killer.

"Here's to love and unity,
Dark corners and opportunity."

Betty Harvie—Deported from B.C. Favorite occupation—talking. Pet saying: "I'd hate to tell you." Ambition—to drive a ten-ton truck.
"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning."

Morton Freeman—A genius and a strong, silent man. We don't hear much about him till the exam. results appear. Chief failing—winning scholarships.

"Up, up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double."

Dorothy Freeze—A charming little flirt. Chief occupation—drawing faces in her text books. Favorite expression: "Oh, gee! I haven't done any homework."

In brief: "O dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay."

Arthur Cragg—Ye Editor. Ambition—to make the *Analecta* bigger and better than ever. Favorite expression: "Explain yourself." First arrived in Calgary in 1910 and has been a bright and shining light ever since.

"Then I shall voice aloud how good he is;
How great he should be."

Harold Howard—Famed for his Hudson Six. Favorite occupation—tooting his siren at pedestrians. Ambition—to go nowhere at 60 miles per hour.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?"

Alfred Stiernotte—Another of XIIIA's brain storms. Chief occupation—explaining Geometry to the rest of us. Ambition—Miss Seville. He is Miss Kaulbach's mainstay in French classes.

"Like Alexander, he cries for other worlds to conquer."

Dorothy Ford—

Noted for literary efforts and frequent absence. Chief ambition is to edit scandal section of Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Is known to have her fling,
To love a bit and dance a bit
And study in the spring ? ? ?

THE TORCH OF FLAME

Oh, XIIIA class in years to come
Let not your Glory die!
We fling to you the XIIIA torch,
Be yours to hold it high.
Be yours to hold it high and keep
Its light where all can see;
For those who've carried the Galant torch,
Now yield the trust to thee.

R. W., XIIIA.



SCHOLARSHIPS

Once more, and in a greater degree than ever before, honour and distinction were brought to C.C.I. when, on October 31st, five scholarships were presented to students of this school. The McKillop, I.O.D.E., and three out of the four Bennett scholarships were won. That these and two other prizes were captured by students of Central speaks highly, not only for these students, but for the staff and principal of the school.

William Taylor was winner of the Bennett Scholarship, \$100, for Grade XII, which was awarded to the boy taking the highest standing. Bill now pursues his course far from old surroundings, for he is studying law at Toronto.

Helen Sorenson won the Provincial I.O.D.E. Scholarship, open to senior students whose fathers were killed in the recent war. She is at present attending Alberta University.

Patricia Parker, a product of Calgary, was winner of the Bennett Scholarship for Grade XI. In Grade VIII she also won the Bennett Scholarship. Although only 15 years of age, Pat did not stop by winning the scholarship, but in the recent Confederation history competition won the Governor General's medal and a bronze medal.

Alfred Stiernotte received the rewards for his many hours of study when he received the Bennett Scholarship for Grade XI. Born at Comlett, Belgium, he came to Canada in 1922, knowing very little English. Two years later, however, he won the Governor General's medal for the inspectorate of Bassano.

Morton Freeman, another product of Calgary schools, won the McKillop Scholarship for general proficiency in Grade XI.

Amy Bowker was successful in securing the Armistice Chapter I.O.D.E. Scholarship in Grade XI.

Honourable mention might also be made of:

Joyce Abbis who won the Canadian History Prize in the June examination, taking 100 per cent, and of

George Dann who received Second Prize in the same competition.



Literary



FIRST PRIZE SHORT STORY

"Silk Pyjamas"

"Did you hear me, Mussy?" loudly asked Mrs. Honeyswitch, to her obliging better-half Erasmus, commonly known as "Mussy," who was slightly deaf and very much afraid of his wife Jobyna. "Yes, yes, my dear, of course," he answered meekly, hurriedly putting on his high silk hat, drawing his overshoes on the wrong feet and putting on a long bottle-green overcoat.

"Very well then, be sure you don't forget those bananas for tonight."

"I'll have to remember not to forget those pyjamas. I'd better write it down," muttered Mussy, as he tripped over the milk bottles and fell down the steps.

At 5 o'clock Mrs. Honeyswitch yelled into the phone and ordered Mussy to come home immediately as she thought there was a snowstorm coming up. When he arrived, she asked him in no very pleasant tone of voice where the bananas were which she had asked him to get.

"Here they are Jobyna," he said, putting a little flat envelope on the chair near the fireplace.

"That!" shrieked Jobyna, bringing into view a pair of pea-green rayon silk pyjamas trimmed with broad black bands of crepe de chine. No doubt they had looked very elegant when held up by the golden-haired saleslady, but on Mrs. Honeyswitch they would be quite inadequate.

"I told you," said Jobyna very deliberately, with cool anger, "to bring bananas. You're so deaf that you bought pyjamas; and they wouldn't even fit me. Goodness! I often wonder why I married such an insignificant worm as you," she finished reflectively. After delivering this oration to 'er 'umble 'usband, the two sat down to their supper.

When they were halfway through the meal, Jobyna requested her obliging husband to remove a large pile of her best dishes to the sink. He was just in the middle of the kitchen when Slithers, a huge black tom-cat, spied a dog from the window and ran between Mussy's legs. There was a loud CRASH! and Jobyna hurried to the scene of the wreck to find her poor husband lying on the floor with the remains of about a dozen dishes of her best set strewn about the floor.

After a long lecture containing many complaints about his clumsiness (for she refused to credit his excuse that her pet Slithers was the offender) Mussy retired behind the evening paper to meditate on the queer ways of women in general.

With Jobyna still pouting over the dishes, this loving couple retired promptly at 10 o'clock blissfully ignorant of any further upset.

About half an hour later Jobyna thought she heard a suspicious rustle under the bed, which developed into a regular shuffle after awhile. She gave Mussy a violent poke, and asked him in a loud stage whisper to see if there was a burglar under the bed. When Mussy got up and turned on the light Jobyna also clambered out. Mussy quavered out "Who's there?" Then a wee grey mouse scuttered across the floor. With a shriek Jobyna leaped on to the nearest chair, while the valiant Mussy, seizing his braces, gave a violent crack in the direction of the poor mouse, who vanished at this onslaught into his hole.

Then he tenderly assisted his trembling and half-fainting wife to her bed, while she fell upon his neck, telling him how she loved him and how brave and bold he was, just like the knights of old.

The storm being over, this worthy couple slept peacefully for the rest of the night.

Next morning, catching sight of the pea-green pyjamas, Jobyna recollected her last night's vision of herself in her mirror in an oldfashioned Mother Hubbard nightgown. After all, pyjamas were rather enticing, but not that color. She fancied herself in a blush-rose suit. Mussy could change them for her.

Mr. Honeyswitch walked on air to the office that morning; his little Jobyna loved him! Would he change the pyjamas? Would he? Rather! For size 56 and blush-rose color. Never again would he pay attention to her scorn and her taunts, for robed in silk, she would still be queen of his heart.

MORAL : Women are peculiar and men are queer.

K. VANDERMARK.

SECOND PRIZE SHORT STORY

"James Sibbald Titherington's Spring Chicken"

Out on the vast, sweeping prairies stood a lonely little shack. Inside of it a man was listening to the music which poured forth from the tiny loudspeaker of his radio. That man was James Sibbald Titherington; and, as he listened, the music ceased. A voice said :

"We have been requested to warn the people of Johnson's Valley"—James Sibbald Titherington lived in the heart of this district—"against a desperate criminal. It is stated that he will not hesitate to take life. Armed posses are now searching for him."

James Sibbald laughed to himself. But the smile that was on his lips almost immediately faded away, for he caught a glimpse of a rough, unshaven face peering in at the window. It disappeared and there came a knock at the door. Before James Sibbald had time to say "come in," a tall powerful man entered. His unkempt hair strayed out from under his torn felt hat. His old overalls were greasy and shabby and tattered. In his calloused hands was a rifle.

He spoke gruffly—fiercely—demanding "grub."

"Why—er—you're welcome to what little I have," stammered James Sibbald; and he set food on the table.

"We have been requested to warn the people of Johnson's Valley against a desperate criminal"—it was the radio. James Sibbald silently swore.

"When you first came in, I thought you were the criminal," he said to the stranger; "but any man who comes into the house and asks for food, instead of waiting till I am away at work in the fields and then helping himself, is not afraid of revealing his whereabouts. I heard over the 'phone that Mr. Jackson's horse had run away and he had to walk home from Tumblebrook. I suppose you are he?"

The stranger nodded assent. James Sibbald congratulated himself on the skilful way in which he had managed such a delicate situation. He did not know of any Mr. Jackson; nor did he know of a runaway.

"If you will excuse me, I'll milk the cow," said James Sibbald. "And after you have finished eating, come out to the barn. We'll do a few chores and spend the rest of the evening listening to the radio. In the morning I'll be only too glad to drive you home."

He did not milk the cow, however. Instead, he picked up a heavy club while he was on his way to the barn, and then returned stealthily back to the shanty. He peeped in through the window—and saw the stranger carefully loading his rifle. James Sibbald crept around until he was behind the only door of his small abode. In a few moments the stranger came out. James Sibbald suddenly smote him on the head with his heavy club.

When the stranger regained consciousness, he was unable to move. There were yards and yards of rope tightly bound about him. He did not know where he was; but, from the sounds about him, he realized that he was in James Sibbald's chicken house.

In the meantime, the latter was using his telephone. When he finished, he sat down with the stranger's gun across his knees and listened to the radio. He increased the volume of the sound so that he could not hear the stranger's shouts, his threats, and his pleas.

In several hours a group of armed and mounted men stopped at James Sibbald's farm. He took a lantern and showed them the new species of poultry which he had captured that evening and had added to his already varied collection. The men of the posse took one look at the captured man and burst into laughter. The latter grew purple with rage. But in a moment he too began to laugh. James Sibbald impatiently asked whether they were going to take the prisoner or not.

"We ought to," answered the leader; "but I think he has already had enough punishment." And they untied the captive.

"It's this way," explained the unfortunate one, as he got stiffly to his feet. "I am one of the posse who set out to search for the criminal. Since he had stolen many things in the country surrounding this district, I reasoned that he would have his rendezvous here. So I set out to find him in some farmhouse. I had visited many when I reached your place. I was so hungry by that time that I am afraid I did not enter your house properly for one on such an errand as mine. When you referred to the criminal, I thought you were trying to avert suspicion from yourself, and I decided to search the premises for any clue that I might find. I believed you would object to such a search; consequently I prepared to force you to submit. Then I stepped outside. The next thing I knew, I was in this chicken house of yours. I tried to get you to let me loose, but you did not even seem to hear me."

"Why did you say that you were Mr. Jackson, and why did you dress in those old duds?"

"Because you evidently didn't know Mr. Jackson and because he was supposed to be walking by your house. I believed that my clothes would not attract the suspicion of the criminal when I came upon him."

And the men went their way. Once again James Sibbald Titherington, notorious criminal, had escaped the long arm of the law.

HOWARD W. BECKER, XIII.

HONORABLE MENTION

A Dream

As I lay on the grassy hillside, gazing across the plains to the blue mountains beyond, which stretched like a giant wall along the horizon, I felt a hand placed gently on my arm. Turning quickly I perceived a little boy standing beside me. There was something about him which was unfamiliar, but I forgot about that when he began to speak:

"Would you like to go beyond those mountains?" he asked. "Would you like to see the mysteries behind those purple crags?"

"Why, yes," I replied, and no sooner were the words out of my mouth than we were standing at the very feet of those huge grey structures. Stepping up to a steep rock, my guide touched it and a small door opened through which he lead me to the other side of the mountains.

I do not know exactly what I expected to find but I certainly never can even imagine again, the queer picture I saw before me, as long as I live. I was in the land of clouds. Huge fleecy clouds were anchored everywhere, while underneath them fairies strolled and danced in their babbling shadows. Here and there I perceived a sort of fairy page, similar to the one who brought me, going around inspecting the clouds every now and then setting one loose and standing motionless while he watched it rise higher and higher, up over the mountains to float lazily over the land I had just left.

Still curious, I followed my guide farther among the clouds till I came to the palace of the cloud fairies. The king was very pleased to meet me and gladly answered all the questions I asked him.

"There is only one menace which ever disturbs my flock of clouds," he said, "and that is the west wind." Of course you know, we must have wind but this particular one is an extreme nuisance. You see, after my fairies have just washed the clouds, until they are snowy white and perhaps touched them up with a little crimson and gold, the west wind comes along and blows them loose. Our anchors are only made of golden threads you know, so his strong rush easily snaps them, and sets my clouds free.

He doesn't treat them gently like these fairy keepers do, he bumps them against the mountain and gets them all dirty. He doesn't care at all how rudely he pushes them over the mountain tops. The dirt on their pretty white dresses weighs them down and so they range heavy and grey over the earth. It makes them very angry to be treated so unceremoniously and some of the larger ones growl and their eyes flash fire, while the meeker ones give way to their feelings in torrents of tears.

In time, of course, their dresses become snowy again and after the sun has dried them the clouds float high and are happy again, but ——!

With an exclamation he broke off, for in the distance the shrieking of the west wind, was plainly audible.

"Hide at once!" he roared, and in the twinkling of an eye all the fairies disappeared. A great commotion arose among the clouds as they were violently pushed hither and thither until they were torn loose and shoved over the mountain wall.

"You had better come home before it starts to pour," said a voice at my elbow, and starting up, I discovered I was still on the hillside and my brother was standing beside me. A rain drop splashed against my cheek, and I looked quickly at the sky. Huge black clouds were rolling up from the west, and in the distance the thunder growls were plainly audible. So we set out on the run for home, and arrived just in time to avoid the rain.

My adventures had been a dream which has never faded. I still imagine I see the fairies running and the straining of the clouds at their anchors when I hear the faint rumbles of the thunder in the far western horizon and feel the strong rush of the west wind.

DOROTHY FREEZE, XIII.

In Memoriam

With deep regret we recall the death of
JAMES MURRAY

in August, nineteen twenty-seven.

His life was one of great promise, but it was cut short by the Angel of Death, and Jimmy was called to a greater life.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents.

"Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God."



FIRST PRIZE POEM

A moon-lit mystery haunts the sea,
 The night wind sighs in soft ecstasy,
 The murmuring leaves make weird melody
 As I glide through the rippling waters.

Surrounded by silence more lucid than speech
 One's thoughts go forth and seem to reach
 The trysting-place, where dreamers have each
 A guiding star in the heavens.

To a mightier sea will my bark make way
 And dreamer and dream on one fair day
 Shall merge where eternal realities play
 And his star and the dreamer are one.

DOROTHY BENNETT.

"IF — —"

(With a low bow to Rudyard Kipling).

If you have never had a History detention;
 And always done your Trigonometry.
 If from the start you've paid closest attention
 To Mr. Churchill's deep philosophy.
 If you have never plunged in deepest sorrow
 When Algebra called you at hours late.
 If you have never, desperate, gone to borrow,
 And then, (oh shocking) cursed your fate.
 Young man, the world should sing your fame and hail you
 As one whose soul is free from mortal sin;
 May self-restraint and silence never fail you —
 You've got a sight more pluck than Amundsen!

D. CORMIE, XIII.

First Prize Humorous Poem

AN EASTER TRAGEDY

By Melville Allan—XID

(Not lost, but gone be —— ?)

'Twas Easter and young Willie was
 Invited out to dine.
 Pride filled his manly heart because
 His dinner clothes were fine:
 A brand new suit, but lately bought
 And made in latest cut;
 And little Willie rightly thought
 To be a perfect "nut."

A stiff shirt front of glossy sheen,
 A tie of purple hue
 Just faintly shod with Em'rald green,
 His sox were purple too.
 His coat was pressed—his trouser's bore
 A most pronounced crease.
 But on their seat he spied—O, Lor'!—
 A tiny spot of grease!

With water and with gasoline
 He worked with might and main
 Until the spot that he had seen
 Was wiped right out again.
 Upon a chair he hung them, then,
 And placed it near the fire
 That he might don them freshly when
 They should be somewhat drier.

But what is that? Poor Willie runs
 Back to the room to see.
 He open flings the door. Great guns!
 What can the matter be?
 A smell of burning fills the air,
 And horror fills his mind,
 For little Willie's trousers were
 NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEHIND!

Honorable Mention

THE RADIO FAN

(With profuse apologies to the Author of "The Lost Chord.")

I was seated one eve at my radio
 Spending an hour the while
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the radio dial.

I know not where was the station,
 Nor what was the wave length then,
 But I struck one burst of static
 Like the squawk of a dying hen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the cats on the back-yard fence,
And the dogs and the cows and the neighbors
All rose and departed thence.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly
To be popular as of yore,
But since then neither friend or neighbor
Has ever darkened my door.

It may be that time's kind healing will wipe
The sound of that static away,
But it may be that outcasts forever,
My radio and I must stay.

—B. HARVIE.

COLLEGIATE'S PRIME EVIL

They are Collegiate's prime evil—"Les murmurantes filles et les garçons,"
Burdening the teachers with pranks unseen, doing detentions in twilight,
Sit like students of old with faces sad and pathetic,
Sit there after four with chins that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from his cavernous chest, the deep-voiced thundering teacher
Speaks, and in accents forbidding, hands out lines by the thousands.

They are Collegiate's prime evil; and oh! how the hearts within them
Leap to their mouths, when they hear in the classroom the voice of the
teacher.

Where is that fanciful image, the far-distant summer vacation,
The time when they glide on the rivers that water the woodlands,
Now thought of in full expectation, but still in the evading future?
Hopeless, it seems, that that time will come again to the pupils,
Who forget their desire to tease when the heavy hands of the teacher
Seize them, and pull them aloft, and order them out of the classroom.
More than tradition remains of the hazardous life of a student.

TED SHEFFIELD, XIC.

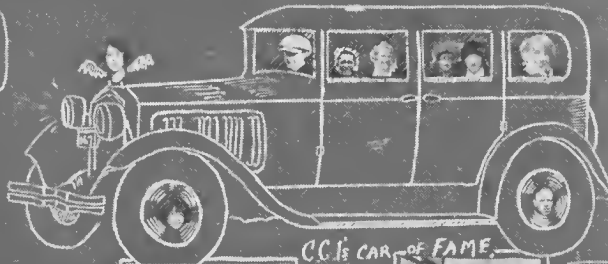


The C.C.I. PREACHERS
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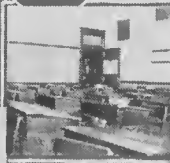
C.C.I. COMIC CUTS



The heights OF LEARNING



A
TYPICAL
HISTORY TEST



THE LONG AND
SHORT OF IT
IS CHALK



Thou shalt do AS I
SAI



Boys, HERE I AM.



How they glule
When they get together

FAMOUS XIA

Clayton Crane—Otherwise known as “Spike.” Favorite occupations—Getting and skipping detentions.

Bob Berkoff—Also answers to “Boob McNutt.” Spends a good deal of his time learning to play checkers with Crane, during Latin.

Malcolm Peck—Some call him Mr. Trout’s pet, but he evidently does not appreciate the honor.

Laverne Quick—The flapper of XIA, but she is too “quick” for the rest of us.

Alice Thurston—Quiet, cool and beautiful, but what makes her neglect male attention?

Max Wintrobe—The exceptional student who knows more than the teachers.

Jack James—The boy with the wonderful voice. Chief occupation—Playing Richard II and Abraham Lincoln.

Harry Klurk—The ideal ladies’ man.

Charles Parker—Yea, verily, but I must study.”

Nedra McAllister—Plays around with Edith Colley a great deal, so that she can get her homework.

Vincent Allen—Seen and not heard.

Howard Davidson—His middle name is “Latineer.”

Alice Dunkel—Looks studious.

Bazil Cole—The boy with the marcel. Is fond of running in the hall to see if the “Doctor” is coming.

Harold Thom—His ambition is to become a great shiek. Often seen around XIA.

Dick Anthony—Stand up, fellow!—Come to the front!—Now “Chaw!” Chaw!”

Fred Maxie—Dr. Hutchinson’s able (?) arithmetic assistant.

Jean Stevenson—A budding literary genius.

Ethel Cameron—Seldom heard from, but present just the same.

Clifford McArthur—“Fat” is both seen and heard. Occasionally wakes us up when he sneezes.

Edith Colley—XIA’S master-mind. The only girl in the room who has all her homework done.

Tom McKee—“Big boy” Munroe’s little playmate. He surely knows his Latin and Chemistry.

Hoyt Snelson—Famous for his drawl and slow walk. Only “fast” when with the ladies.

Bill Herron—The Basket Ball Girls’ handsome Chauffeur. Also one of the brilliant Senior Hockey players.

Arnold Cowan—Men of few words are the best men.

Eva Andrews—Her talents are of the more silent class.

Francis Hamlin—Hopes sometime to pass out of XI. Has peace only when Cole is away.

Quinton Moore—Alias, “Curly.” Spends his time coming late, and winking at Berkoff during Arithmetic.

Dave Egleson—Another guy who keeps the marcellers in business.

Edna Jensen—Such a demure little Miss. Wears a big fur coat and goes home over the weekend.

Betty Epstein—Occupies a back seat, and certainly makes use of all the opportunities.

Marian MacKay—Calm and unruffled as the summer skies.

Jim Kerr—Beware the fury of a patient man.

Gordon Lewis—"Don Juan has nothing on me."

James Crosbie—Not a word will be disclosed, not a word of all he knows.

Mary Joffe—Short, but sweet. Chief ambition is to become a lawyer.

Ronald Monilaws—Nature made him, and then broke the mould.

Erith Smith—Another steady "late-comer." Also minister of finance at the Alberta Boys' Parliament.

Jean Macaulay—The only periods she spends in XIA are spares. Always being taken to dances, as she lives half a block from the Alazhar.

BIOGRAPHY OF XIB.

Loftus Tillotson—To loaf, be idle, make merry and mate.

Robert Witton—Action lies in his true nature.

Kathleen Pescod—Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Dorothy Cannon—A noble heart that harbors virtuous thoughts.

Isobel Law—A silent stillness reigns supreme.

Vera Bannerman—Care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry.

Elizabeth Haynes—The flower of sweetness on a stem of grace.

Queenie Newman—Impulsive, generous, kindly true—She always paddles her own canoe!

Mary Wilson—Her smile chases gloom from every place.

Phyllis Holmes—"She's got it."

Angeline Bow—Much done, and much designed, and more desired.

Parker Harris—A merry fellow—yet sad betimes.

Earl Riley—Not simple conquest—tri-umphs his aim.

Vera Coulter—Fond of beauty, sports, and laughter. Pleasure first, business after.

Selma Bakken—A quiet tongue showeth a wise mind.

Pauline Parry—A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.

Myrtle Myers—Blessed with that charm—The certainty to please.

Coy Miller—Such ways, such acts, such looks had'st thou.

Margaret Moore—Where'd you get those eyes?

Evelyn Snowdon—She has wit and song and sense, mirth and sport and eloquence.

Reginald Tillotson—He is a man, take him for all in ail.

Thelma Newman—She's a maid of artless grace, gentle in form and fair of face.

Marjorie Hiscox—You are well favored and your looks foreshow you have a gentle heart.

Margaret Sykes—Calm and unruffled as the summer skies.

Mary Law—She attracts hearts by the qualities she displays. She retains them by the qualities she possesses.

Alice Houston—Her head is fair with flaxen hair.

Marguerite Brinkman—In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.

Gertrude Flumerfelt—She is rarely heard to speak.

Kate Chamberlain—The things are few she would not do in friendship's name.

Margaret Frew—For to know her better is but to love here more.

Enid Herman—She always had a quiet smile and a kindly word to say.

Betty Landels—To follow knowledge like a sinking star—Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Margaret Vahey—Her bright smile haunts me still.

Jessie Beland—And she a fair divided excellence.

Madeline McAlpin—"Ain't she sweet?"

Gordon McAllister—A little nonsense now and then.

Katharine Wilson—True of heart, of spirit gay.

Muriel Webb—What's the use of worrying?

Marion McKay—A dame skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye.

Mable Granlein—A gentle woman, a thing to be much recommended.

Jeannette McKay—Not a word will she disclose — Not a word of all she knows.

Fred Gridlin—Once a gentleman, always a gentleman.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE (IN XIB)

1. Betty Landels taking drill!
2. Phyllis Holmes not chewing gum in Geography periods!
3. Evelyn Snowdon on time twice during the same week!
4. Margaret Sykes cheerleading at the hockey games!
5. Madeline McAlpin keeping quiet during Mr. Menzie's periods!
6. Gordon McAllister remembering to bring his fountain pen to school!

NOS. ELEVES XIC

Ted Sheffield—A gentleman from top to toe—What more can one say?

Sandy McPhedran—All great men are dying. I don't feel well.

Jack Bilton—The heights by great men, reached and kept, were not attained by sudden flight.

Elvin Macdonald—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

Ivan Smith—He, in sports, raises dust; in school, raises Cain. But he raises our hopes so we will not complain.

Marjorie Foster—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on its classmates green.

Bessie Paull—Heard melodies are sweet — But, those unheard are sweeter.

Bill Templeton—This is thy province, this thy wondrous way, to invent new cartoons for each new day.

Rebecca Benbow—Perseverance is but the brother to success.

Willie Epstein—Work may come and work may go—But he talks on forever.

Doug. McDermid—The good die young—Why worry?

Tom McPherson—"Tis better to have loved and lost, and anyway, who said I'd lost?

Donald Kemp—Nothing ever swerves his equanimity.

Secord Tennant—Where the head aches from thinking, it is time to play the fool.

Lyman Matthews—Go to the ant thou sluggard—and teach him how.

Loretta Niven—I always work throughout the day—But when night comes, I dance and play.

Vera Christie—Alas! the time has come—When I must park my chewing gum.

Mary Turner—What's worth beginning is worth finishing.

- Max Shantz—Length is not a measure of greatness.
 Elma Bull—"Brevity" is the soul of wit.
 Charles Payne—Push, yes—but what a fellow needs is pull.
 Kenneth Barton—It is a gift to be fluent on anything or nothing.
 Edith Ruttle—That wee small voice.
 Alec Lamonte—A very silent fellow—but.
 Jean Wonnacott—Laugh and the world laughs with you—Cry and you get all wet.
 Ruth Heisler—I'll hold thee any wager, when we are accoutred like young men, I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two.
 Sherlock Anderson—Any old duffer can go to bed, but it takes a real man to get up in the morning.
 Scott Macdonald—Hails from Big Valley, but there's nothing big about him except his imagination.
 Carl Neilson—One of those strong, silent men.
 Jessie Elliott—Be checked for silence, but never taxed for speech.
 Leslie Topley—Leslie Topley the teachers' pet (?)—Has he mastered Grammar, oh, no! not yet.
 Ted Avison—Excuse my dust, I have a date with Success.
 Robert McPhail—What! Have I forgotten my book again?
 Harry Kheong — Says little, knows much. His maxim — Speech is silver, silence is golden.
 Stuart Robertson—Look! He is winding up the watch of his wit—Bye and bye it will strike.
 Cecil Menzies—A little nonsense now and then is relished by the greatest men.
 Jack Clarke—Sleep and rest, sleep and rest—Someone will wake thee soon.
 Phyllis Balfour—Learned and fair and good is she, but withal a little wicked.
 Margaret Carson—I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired girl—Than reign a grey-haired queen.
 Pauline Miller—Life's a jest and all things show it—I thought so once and now I know it.
 Howard Ferguson—The world knows little of its best-loved man.
 Jack Gillis—Though High School days have their delights—They can't compare with High School nights.
 Mr. Trout—A rugged man of stalwart virtues.

XID—THAT'S US

- Alice Price—She is so nice.
 Helen Foote—She is a "limb."
 J. Bulshin—Needs Kepler's Emulsion.
 E. Balfour—Oh, what did you tell for?
 Marjory Maynes—Plumb full of brains.
 Ione Peterson—"I own"—No I don't.
 Mr. Quinton—An ambitious scholar.
 M. Allen—Raised on Allenburys.
 Don. Bishop—The Missing Musketeer.
 K. Horne—He knows his onions.
 Doris Cheyne—XID's orator.

- Fred Bermingham—Valentino's successor.
A. Frazer—The permanent waver.
M. McClung—If hot air were music, he'd be the Australian National Band.
B. Moir—Au Revoir.
W. Robertson—The sheik of C.C.I.
Constance Heisler—She's all right, Sir.
G. Glasford—A new type of Lizzie.
G. Courtice—May the gods assist you—in Geometry.
J. Hilliker—He is a (lady) killer, Sir.
Wm. Dann—Our future clergy-man.
J. Dixon—Good at mixing.
Agnes Brown—Lets us all down.
Gertrude Lawrence—"Please I don't know, Sir."
Jean McEachren—She's a fresh un—
Marjory Dench—Ask her in French.
D. Coggan (Tempus Fugit)—He says, let it fuge.
A. Shaver—What did you say, Sir?
Lois Hughes—Low Shoes.
Gil McLaren—Hunter of big game (Gophers).
Norma Bell—We wish her well.
J. Robinson—He's the tall one.
D. Ireton—Quite a lady's man (uses Infant Delight).
Sarah James—Eluded Bob.
Rosalie Hart—She dwells apart.
A. MacAdam—I'll say he had 'em—
Bella Smith—Here today, away tomorrow.
Jim Cook—C.C.I.'s chef.
Wedgewood Robinson—Invented the Polygon.
Margaret Cavanah—A Highland lass.
Harry Toombes—Is going to write an easier Latin book.
Margaret Cragg—A boys' girl—she sits with them.
-

THE GAMMA PHI

To many not acquainted with the work of the Gamma Phi, the impression is that this Club is a secret organization of a group of students from the various schools who meet to foster the growth of a social clique. This is far from the truth, for the Gamma Phi is not organized for that purpose. To the members of the Club, this criticism is not taken seriously. They are organized for a serious purpose.

To become a member of this Club, the individual must meet with the approval of the principal of his high school and then with the members of the Club. If it is not in the interests of the school that any member should be in the Gamma Phi the opposition of the principal is sufficient to eliminate him as a choice.

The support of the members of the group is necessary after the principal has agreed to a choice and in this way no one is received into the Club who has not the whole-hearted support of the members and who does not subscribe to its aims.

The aims of the Club may be expressed no better than stating the motto, "To create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character."

To live up to these aims, the members of the Club meet every week in the Y.M.C.A. where, in a social atmosphere, they take the bantering and jovial repartee from each other in the best spirit. It would be a violation of the finest traditions of the Gamma Phi for any individual to take offence at anything that a member from another school may say. It would be a similar violation for any member to offend another or the good name of another school. Thus a good feeling of friendly rivalry is developed. Here problems of High School life are discussed in a fair-minded manner. Through example on the part of the members of the Gamma Phi some of the difficulties of the student's school life are overcome.

Our greatest problem is to aid the teachers by instilling in the students a better idea of how work should be done to assure success; to show that although there is no royal road to learning, that it may be made more pleasant by the attitude of the individuals; to assist the principals in maintaining high standards of intellectual development and the building of character as opposed to the ever-ready tendency to organize clubs for social functions.

THE KAPPA KAPPA TAU

The Kappa Kappa Tau wish to take this opportunity to thank the students of Central High School and other patrons for the loyal support they have contributed to our achievements throughout the school year 1927-1928.

The Club was formed for the fundamental purpose of keeping up good-fellowship and extending the same within the ranks of present and ex-C.C.I. students, also that of giving a willing hand to the promotion of better Intellectual Training. In return for your support we hope in the near future to help you by organizing a Central High School Debating Club whereby each room in the school may have the opportunity of annually competing in the Central Debating League. We not only intend to back this idea but also to donate a cup.

The Club membership is limited entirely to students or ex-students of this school thereby making ourselves a Central High Fraternity with the view always before us of benefitting this school by any means within our power.

Besides our major activities, which are not of public importance and which, moreover, are secret to the Club, we have had banquets, dances, hikes and private parties. All of these events were carried out with the greatest success chiefly due to the strong union in the Club, but again we owe thanks to the school which we represent. In reply to the queries for more action within the school it might be suggested that instead of having these social functions held outside of the school they might take place as social evenings about once a month at the school.

We will not weary you with facts to prove our statement but we may say that we have carried out our aim to the best of our ability under the circumstances and shall do so even more in time to come. Many have complained as to the lack of school spirit in "Ye Olde Halle of Learnynge," and have complained justly. For what is school spirit but the student-body pulling together with a certain object in view, whether it be Acade-

mic or Social. There is an old proverb which says "There is none so dead as he who will not respond," another equally as effective, "There is none so blind as he who will not see." Let us take these two sage sayings to heart and work for the benefit of ourselves through our school.

In concluding we wish to acknowledge our sincere appreciation to the Editor for this space which he has so kindly allotted to us, and once more extend a hand of friendship and thanks to Central High School.

Fred Webster (Pres.).

Ralph Rogers (Vice-Pres.).

John Souter (Sec.).

Emerson Borgal (Treas.).

Ted Neilson.

Clayton Crane.

Harold Herron.

Stephen Johnson.

Gordon Lewis.

Tom MacRae.

Fred Bermingham.

A GREAT EDUCATION

Alta., Calgary, 20 day of February, '28.

Deer friend Tilly,—

I took hup mine pin und I rite you mitt a paper. You don' rite to mine last letter vat I giff you. I don' no vat your adres iss, so lett mee no ven you anser mine letter.

Mine broder chust invent a nudder redio, und mine shister shewed a kot in her druss. Mine mudder make a new kake kalled py. The man vatt liffed next door liffs a bloc away.

Chames Smidt's fodder got drunk und dey take him away in chail. The lawyer told Mr. Smidt to shtay in chail becos den he would get meels und a place to shtay for noddings. He esked de juge iff he could haff sum viskey vile he was in chail, und de juge told him he would gett dree yeers unsted of two days iff he wouldn't chut hup.

I was sik next veek und I get bedder last veek. I had a pelly ake un de stomick. Ve had very nize vetter hear und I got mine ear froze.

How iss de momma und de papa. Vell I can tink off more to rite so I vill close mitt loff.

Your pest cousin, Pert Roshlege.

P.X.—Iff you don get dis letter rite und lett me no. Two times. P.X. Answer soon.

When children in Aberdeen ask for ice cream, they are told ghost stories to make their blood run cold.

OUR STAFF

Name	College	Born	How We Know Them	Noted For
Dr. Hutchinson	Toronto, B.A., 1909. Queen's, 1916.	Ontario.	Well	Principal of C.C.I.
Mr. Woodman	Acadia, N.S. B.Sc., 1909; M.A., 1910.	Nova Scotia.	(Pause)—Give me your attention, please.	His Saturday attire— (golf knickers).
Miss Kaulbach	Dalhousie.	Nova Scotia.	There is so much noise it is delaying the class, etc., etc.	Training casts and speed (?)
Mr. Scott	Queen's. 1910. B.Sc., M.A.	Ontario.	Make notes on this.	H ₂ S—last period in the morning.
Mr. Menzies	Edinburgh, 1911. M.A.	Scotland.	What have we for today?	His opinion of our knowledge of English Grammar.
Mr. Trout	Alberta, 1926.	Ontario.	Stand up, please.	—Chaperone.
Mrs. McMillan	Toronto, 1898. B.A.	Ontario.	You can look this up for yourself.	Opening windows.
Mr. Jones	University College, Wales. B.A., 1909.	Wales.	But you shouldn't stay away.	Telling the truth—He once called the Editor a donkey.
Mr. Churchill	Toronto, 1921.	Ontario.	Close all exercise books and text books.	The Central Grads.

OUR STAFF--Continued

Name	College	Born	How We Know Them	Noted For
Miss Elliot	Queen's, 1910. B.A.	Ontario.	— Your homework first.	History tests.
Mr. Robinson	Alberta, 1915. Edinburgh.	England.	Here's my version of it.	His walk.
Mr. Beresford	Westminster College, London, 1895.	England.	What, the bell already— By Jove!	The school orchestra.
Mr. McAdams	New Brunswick, 1908. Harvard, 1910, M.A.	New Brunswick.	Where are we today?	Keeping his classes in.
Miss Field	Durham Varsity, England, 1913, B.A.	England.	Get to work. You're not only disturbing your neighbor, but the whole class.	Drilling the IX's.
Mr. Forsythe	Dalhousie.	P.E.I.	Listen! Listen!	Author of "Yellow Clay."
Mr. Asselstine	Queen's, 1905, M.A.	Ontario.	Get your exercise ready, class.	Fine satire.
Mr. Powell	Alberta, 1924.	Ontario.	Come to my tea party?	Journeys around the room.



INTER-SCHOLASTIC RUGBY

Rugby was greatly hampered this season owing to the delayed start. Notwithstanding this handicap seventeen teams in all were entered in the league. Crescent Heights, South Calgary, East Calgary, St. Mary's and Centrals were in the running for Senior, Intermediate and Junior championships. In addition to these Commercial High and Western Canada Collegiate entered junior teams.

The first game took place on October 20th, a date which ordinarily sees the middle of the league. Before the schedule was finished it received another setback on account of rain and snow. This weather was not conducive to good rugby, and after postponing one game the season closed before we were able to have a playoff.

THE FIELD DAY

Owing to the short season our time-honored Field Day was postponed, but let us hope that it will not be dropped altogether. There is much good material in the school and those who have any idea of participating should not wait until a few days before the meet, but take the responsibility to condition themselves and go in for it hard. For the past few years C.C.I. has been anywhere but first place, but that does not say that we cannot do what those who have gone before us have done, so you athletes get right down under it and pull for the old school.

SENIOR RUGBY

On the reopening of school the Seniors prepared for a big year. The majority of the players were new at the game, but a few of last year's veterans were back. With these as a nucleus a rather formidable team as far as weight and speed are concerned, was lined up.

The delayed season, however, and the lack of coaching after the first game told on the team.

After two weeks (?) practise an exhibition game was arranged with St. Mary's. This was an easy victory for Centrals, although the Saints showed a fine rugby spirit and some beautiful team work. This game initiated the new players and gave them confidence.

First Game

Similar to the 1926 season the schedule began with a defeat for the Purple and Gold. In the game at W.C.C. South Calgary's teamwork and clever playing gained them a 2-0 victory. It was a spectacular tussle, and in the closing minutes Central had the decision in their grasp when the Southerners tightened up and held us for three downs. Gaining possession of the ball South Calgary, after carrying the pigskin up the field scored a rouge, and time was called and the Red and Green walked off the gridiron victorious.

Second Game

In the next game Central met East Calgary at Mewata. This game



also was full of breaks. Smith fractured his angle in a practice and his place was taken by Bell. The Easterners opened by scoring a touchdown shortly after the game started. A few minutes later we scored a touchdown, making the score 5-5 at the end of the first quarter.

In the next two quarters the score was pushed up to 17-16 for Centrals by strenuous playing. Buchanan and Munroe making some big gains. Numerous fumbles occurred in the last quarter on account of darkness. The Easterners scored a rouge and a field goal, making the score 18-17 for E.C.H. The game was called with two minutes to play, and a replay was decided on, which was, however, prevented by the weather.

Third Game

The next game with C.H.C.I. at Hillhurst was postponed till November 3rd. Play was bad owing to the wet condition of the ground and cold wind. The game was featured by splendid runs by Bell and Gardiner, and excellent tackling by McLaren. Munroe and Buchanan each made a touch and Robinson rouged a C.H.C.I. player and kicked to the deadline. Munroe converted his own try. Crescent Heights managed to get one try and converted it making the score 13-6 for C.C.I. when time was called.

Fourth Game

Central now met St. Mary's. The game was harder than anticipated, but the Purple and Gold came up to the mark. St. Mary's had the ball only a few inches from our line but the line held for three downs and saved a touch. After this crisis C.C.I. played steadily and by line plunging and end runs made the score 8-2 in our favor. St. Mary's showed able teamwork and some clever plays in this game.

Unfortunately the remaining games could not be played on account of the weather. We still had a chance to win the championship provided

that C.H.C.I. beat S.C.H.S. In this event we were to replay E.C.H.S. The winner to play the Southerners for the championship.

Owing to the improbability of C.H.C.I. winning from S.C. the shield was awarded to S.C. for the second time in two years.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE SENIORS

Ivan Smith—Quarter and kicking half. Unfortunately he had an accident in practice and was unable to play for the rest of the season.

Wilfred Bell—"Wilf" took Ivan's place after the first game and could be relied on in a tight place.

"Quint" Moore—His first year, but he was fast and caught on to the game in more ways than one.

Layton Gardiner—Came in late and played left out-side. The fastest on the team.

Jack Dixon—A good all-round athlete; luckily for the other schools, but not for us, he, too, was injured after the first game.

Fred Webster—Captain of last year's Intermediate champions. Played on the half line and was a deadly tackler.

Robert McFaul—A good all-round player. His first year and he put his best into the game.

Gordon Buchanan—His first year also. A combination of weight and speed. "Well done, Gordie!"

Keith Monroe—Captain and centre. His place was "well filled." He managed the team well and was the opposing sides' stumbling block.

"Doug" Robinson—He paired well with Ivan as a first class all-round man. He also took Ivan's place as kicking half.

Fred Maxie—His first season. He could always be depended upon at inside wing position.

Gilmore McLaren—Flying wing. He was fast and was another All tackler. He, too, was laid up in the second game.

Bill Templeton—An aggressive player. He did his bit, and did it well.

Homer Withell—A fast wing man and a good tackler.

Willard Gateman—Another good all-round man. Specialized on the wing.

Dudley Wells—Inside wing. He gained yards for us this season, and no doubt will do it again.

Tom Baker "Scotty"—Teamed well with "Gordie" and "Duds." Heavy and reliable.

Clayton Crane—His first year at it. After the first game he migrated south for several weeks, and we lost a promising player. L. K. M.

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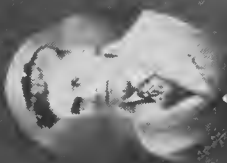
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CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE *Intermediate* **RUGBY TEAM** 1927


JACK W. JAMES
Inside Wing



JACK W. JAMES
Inside Wing


PAUL MORTON
Inside Wing


SECOND TENANT
Back Row


WALTER THORNE
Back Row


HAROLD THOM
Back Row


DOUGLAS FOULIS
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row


TOM MCPHERSON
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row


BOB BERKOFF
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row


HARRY KIEBING
Back Row


C. V. BARKER
Back Row


DR. J. K. HURLISON
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row


JACK W. JAMES
Back Row

by J. K. Hurlison



INTERMEDIATE RUGBY (H. T.)

Under the very able coaching of Walter Thorne, an ex-C.C.I. player, the Intermediates were more fortunate than the Seniors. Walter put a great deal of time and energy into the team and it was through his interest, combined with the spirit of the players, that they showed up to such an advantage. They had a squad of well-built fellows, mainly composed of last year's Juniors, and they put their best into the game en masse.



AFTER THE BATTLE

First Game

The first game was played at Mewata Park against East Calgary. In the first period Foulds went over for a try but failed to convert. The Easterners took advantage of a break and managed a touch. Centrals tightened up and in the next quarter went over the line for five more points. It was converted, bringing our end of the score up to 11 points. One of East Calgary's players broke away with the ball and ran half the length of the field for another touchdown, which was also converted. During the third period the battle raged about centre field and no points were scored until the last quarter, when Central again chalked up five points, making the score 16-11 for the Purple and Gold.

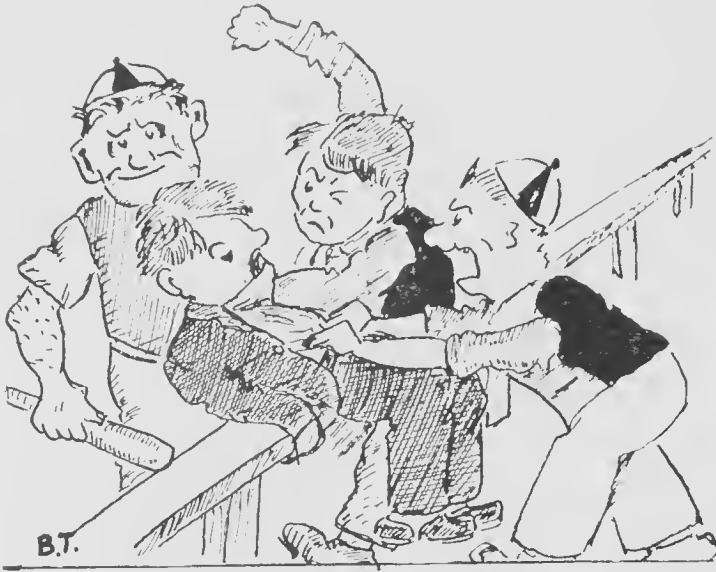
Second Game

It was with Crescent Heights, who had already defeated South Calgary. The first period saw both teams in mid-field and no points were scored. In the second quarter Centrals brought their score up to five points, where it stayed till half time. The Northerners tightened up in the third period and held C.C.I. No points were scored, but a kick was blocked near our opponent's line and the ball rolled into their territory. Berkoff made a flying tackle at it but missed and James fell on it, making it a forward pass. C.C.I. thus lost five points. In the last quarter McPherson bucked the line for a touch, which was converted, making the score eleven to nine when the final whistle blew.

Third Game

This was one of the keenest struggles in the league. Marcin tried to run back on a kick instead of returning it and lost the chance of scoring for the Saints. Weinfield was rouged in the first quarter, Eagleson went over for a touch, and in the second period Derachie scored a touch for the Saints. In the third quarter Kheong rouged Dunburry. In the last quarter the scrumline remained in mid-field and no points were scored. Marcin starred for Saints and Kheong and McDermid were outstanding for the Centrals.

After playing three games C.C.I. stood at the head of the league, as they had beaten both Crescent Heights, and Crescents had won over South Calgary, thus giving Centrals top place when the season was closed. With this scoring Centrals rightly claimed the championship.



THE C.C.I. YOUTH THAT YELLED, HUKRAH FOR SOUTH
CALGARY HIGH AT THE RUGBY GAMES.

BIOGRAPHIES OF INTERMEDIATES

(By J. K.)

Doug. Foulds—Captain and quarterback. A brainy quarter who mixed up his plays so as to completely fool our opponents.

Doug. McDermid—Halfback. A good tackler and a fast runner. He was a good line plunger and seldom failed to make a gain.

Tom McPherson—Halfback. The bucking half, who gained many advantages for the team.

Harold Thom—Halfback. One of the regulars, emigrated from last year's Juniors, played a good game as half. Was one of the mainstays of the team.

Secord Tennant—Halfback. A brilliant player. His quick thinking saved the day for C.C.I. in the game against St. Mary's.

Jack Weinfield—Halfback. Jack did the drop kicking for C.C.I., and was responsible for more than one point.

Jim Kerr—Centre. Jim made his debut at centre this year and in this position he was as firm as a brick wall.

Norman Moodie—Inside Wing. When he had not the honor to be underneath he was always on top holding them down.

Paul Morton—Inside Wing. Paul could always be depended upon to "kick" the team out of danger.

Jack James—Middle Wing. He was a thorn in the opposing team's side—not many bucks passed him.

Harry Kheong—Outside Wing. The fastest player on the team and a deadly tackler.

Jim Eagleson—Outside Wing. Jim paired well with H. Kheong, and was also a good tackler.

Charles Parker—Middle Wing. Could be relied upon to play almost any position.

Bob Berkoff—Middle Wing. On the offensive he used his head in more ways than one.



CAPTAIN **IS YOUR HEAD BROKE BILL.**

ANXIOUS - **OH NEVER MIND, IT WAS CRACKED BEFORE**

JUNIOR RUGBY

The Juniors were less fortunate than either of the other teams this year. On account of the short season they were lined up for only two games, but it served in breaking in the boys for better work next season.

First Game

The first game was against Crescent Heights. During the first half Crescents scored five touchdowns making a score of 27-0. After half time C.C.I. realized that they were supposed to be playing rugby and managed to tighten up. They were within a foot of their opponents' touch line but were unable to go over for a try, so the game ended with the score still 27-0 for the Red and Blues.

The second game was to be against W.C.H.S., but like many others it was never played.

BIOGRAPHIES OF JUNIORS

"Mark" McLung—Captain and quarter. Played a good game and showed himself a very competent quarter-back.

Stuart Bell—Half-back, and was always able to gain with the ball.

Dick Beland—Half-back. Was outstanding in line plunging.

Turner—Half-back. Starred at tackling.

Russell—Half-back. Did his bit at line plunging and tackling.

Baker—Centre. Lived up to his position as snapback.

Jack Cameron—Inside wing. Very good at kicking.

Heisler—Middle wing. Always got his man.

Bill Murray—Played middle wing and held his man well.

Harry Toombs—A fast wing man.

Gordon McAllister—Left flying wing. He made some snappy runs with the pig-skin.

Ross—Could always be depended upon.

Anthony—Another dependable substitute.

Cyril Walsh—Played inside wing.

Ilott—Played wing, and played well.

HOCKEY

Central came back to its own this year by carrying off both the Junior and Senior hockey championships. Still suffering from the loss of the rugby championship the school decided things had gone far enough and so made a clean sweep of the Senior and Junior hockey leagues. Several of the boys are well known in the world of the puck chasers from playing in the City Leagues.

A great deal of credit is due to Wayne Potter, an ex-student and athlete of Crescent Heights, who gave his time to the boys of the Seniors in developing a crack team.

Hats off to the hockey teams!

* * *

Seniors

When "Old Man Thaw" finally persuaded the followers of the rubber disc that the attic was the place for their blades and sticks the curtain rang down on another glorious year. For C.C.I. nipped the hopes of the other High Schools in the bud and walked away with the trophy before they realized that the season had started.

In the Senior division the boys from the Grand Old School presented a well balanced and powerful team, fast skaters and clever stick handlers. They proved to be a team that should long be remembered by their fellow students. They ably upheld the honor won by the teams of old, in which noted hockey celebrities, such as Herbie Lewis and Paul Thompson performed.

The forward line, composed of Gordie Buchanan, captain; Jack Dixon and Doug. Robinson, made up a trio which would give any fan a thrill. Their combination was perfect, and they back-checked like fiends. They were here, there and everywhere, ready to take advantage of the slightest opening. It was a premier forward line, bar none. In Gordie Buchanan C.C.I. has one of the prettiest players the school has ever produced.

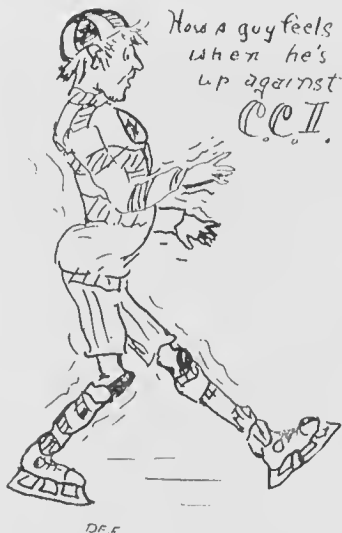
**Central Collegiate
Inter-Scholastic
Senior Hockey
Champions 1927-28**

Doug Laing (sub)
Gil Molaren (forward)
Ivan Smith (defense)
Boug Robinson (left wing)
Jack Dixon (right wing)

Pr. J. H. Hutchinson (trainer)
Gordon Buchanan (capt. center)
Bill Hannon (right goal)
Walter Feller (coach)

Stanlock Anderson (sub)
Carl Wilson (sub)

We were fortunate in having Ivan Smith and Gill McLaren on the defense line. These boys took all the heavy work and proved to be a bulwark of strength. They baffled the best of them, not only on the defensive but on their rushes also.



In front of the cage we find the invincible William Herron. Bill played a faultless game throughout the season. He was simply impenetrable, letting only five goals through in the entire season. Time and time again the opposing team would break through only to come up against a stonewall.

Laing, Anderson and Neilson were the other three boys who helped to bring the shield to C.C.I. These fellows proved invaluable in any position. Their task was not a light one as they were required to serve on both the forward and defense lines.

The season opened by C.C.I. taking South Calgary into camp to the tune of 6-2. The first period proved a thriller, but the superior team-work of C.C.I. soon made itself apparent. Buchanan found the hempen net three times, while Dixon notched two and Robinson one. All of the boys played first-class hockey. "Stonewall" Herron, in goal, did not fail to provide plenty of thrills.

By way of a practice, we played the Technical School, and surprised them by a 5-1 victory.

East Calgary proved an easy mark for the lads of the Purple and Gold. In this game Smith and McLaren proved their worth. The combination of the forward trio was too much for the Easterners and the game ended with the chalk marks at 8-1.

In the next game Central downed the South Calgary team with a score of 7-1. They used snappy plays and easily showed themselves to be the southern section champions.

On February 25th the City Finals were staged at the Arena against the boys from the North Hill. A fair crowd of rooters was on the fence. In the Junior game the fans were treated to a good brand of hockey and C.C.I. came off on top.

Immediately after the Junior game the main attraction took place.

The first period was one of innumerable demonstrations of clean hockey and the whistle blew with no points scored. In the next period the superior team-work of Central became apparent. Buchanan wormed his way from his own goal to the other end and managed to score. Dixon, too, soon found the net for a second score. A little later Dixon found the net with a shot from the blue line on a pass from Robinson. Crescent Heights strove to score and although they worked hard, the checking of Smith and McLaren was too much for them. If the enemy did happen to get past they soon found their mistake for they had "Ole Bill" to deal with yet. He simply filled the goal and if a scramble took place within his territory he politely sat on the puck and there he remained until the bell sounded. The third period found Crescent Heights still vainly striving



James J. Gormley



to find our net. Dixon accounted for another point and Crescent's retaliated with a goal, saving them from a shut-out. Laing took the rubber disc down the ice and brought the score up to 5-1. Buchanan kept up his good work and went down in good style but missed. The Crescent's goalie stood the test well and was a credit to his colors. To say that C.H.C.I. were not in on the game would be a falsehood, but they were not in the same rank as C.C.I.

The forwards and goal-tender were the pick from the North Hill team. It would be a difficult task to pick the cream of Central's team. As a goal-keeper our's ranks almost supreme for inter-scholastic hockey, and our forward line leaves little to be desired. Their combination and team-work were automatic. As a team they were A1, and they are worthy of all the praise they receive.

Thus ended another year of winter pastime, the Good Old School on top and the silverware adorning her halls. The Senior boys have a team unequalled in the annals of the oldest High School in Calgary, and the students who turned out to cheer for them and give them encouragement have every reason to be proud of them. Let the students, both present and future, gaze with awe on the team's picture in the hall and say to themselves: "Just one of the real teams that helped make C.C.I. what it is today—the finest and best loved High School in Calgary."

* * *

INTERMEDIATES

The first game played by Central Intermediates was with Western Canada High School on their rink.

In the first period Secord Tennant scored, and in the second period Western Canada managed to score owing to a break on our part. C.C.I. put another into the net, but as the goal-judge did not see it there was no count. No points were made in the last period, and the score was closed at 1-1.

Due to bad ice the style of hockey was poor.

The second game was with Crescent Heights at Mewata Park. The ice was in good condition and the game was faster than the previous one. C.H.C.I. had the better combination, while Centrals relied on individual rushes.

In the first period Crescent's scored and Central retaliated, making a tie. Crescent Heights broke through in the second period with a fast style of combination and scored a second goal. The score remained unchanged until the last five minutes when Central rushed four players up and shot another point, tying the score 2-2.

Intermediate Hockey Line-up

Coach—Bill Herron; centre—L. Topley; defence—Winfield, H. Snelson (captain); forwards—S. Tennant, J. Reid; goal—J. James; subs.—R. Whittaker, Wallis, Morton.

—H. S.

* * *

Juniors

In the Junior section C.C.I. unearthed several bright lights who should give a good account of themselves. Through excellent team-work and good sound playing the Junior lads won the right to play in the finals.

Although they were matched against a strong team — C.H.C.I. — their superior stick-handling and fast skating showed that they had the advantage.

In the first game they played and vanquished South Calgary five to one. B. Murray, chalking up three, starred in this game. Bell and Ilott each scored one point.

The second game was against St. Mary's. The ice was in poor condition owing to the weather. B. Tillotson scored early in the first period and the score remained 1-0 until the final whistle blew.

Western Canada High School was our next match. It was a good game as can be seen from the score of 7-3 in our favor. Murray, Bell and Ilott accounted for the points in this game.

The final game was played at the Arena against Crescent Heights, champions of the Northern section. It was a hard fought struggle. The first goal was scored by a combination play of Murray, Bell and Ilott. The three went up the ice in fine style and in the excitement Ilott tipped the puck into the goal. In the second period this was followed by a brilliant one-man rush by Murray, who secured the puck behind his own goal, passed the enemy's forwards, out-manœuvred the two defence men and shot the puck past the goalie.

The third goal of the game was scored by Crescents a few minutes after the whistle. But it was too late, the score remained 2-1, and the shield passed into our possession.

Junior Line-up

Goal—Finlayson; defence—C. Walsh, B. Tillotson; wings—S. Ilott, B. Murray; centre—S. Bell; subs.—G. Montgomery, R. Tillotson, G. Turner.
—C. W.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season of 1926-27 can be listed among the sport failures, chiefly because the championship was decided, not on the floor as it should be, but in the committee rooms.

The summer of 1926 saw the passing of C.C.I.'s famous "basket-a-minute team" that has carried the championship for three successive years with a record of forty victories to no defeats. Only two of the "old guard," Ruth Bingham and Eva Brown, returned to Central in September. Ruth joined the "Grads" in the Alberta Senior league race and as this team played under the men's code did not report to the school squad. Of the Junior team Jean Wallinger, Norma Bell, Helen Mercer and Gladys Ross reported for practice when the team went into training in October. Jean Wallinger, who was elected captain of the team, and Norma Bell, found places on the forward line. Helen Mercer, flash of the Junior squad of '26, played side centre, and Eva Brown was back of centre to take care of the jumps. Gladys Ross changed from centre to guard and paired off with "Gerry" Hill, a freshman, on the back lines.

Weeks of steady hard practice showed in the season's work. Due to the fact that two of the schools defaulted after the schedule had been drawn up only six games were included in the year's work. C.C.I. won all six, scoring 239 points to their opponents' 69.

The season got under way when Central visited Mount Royal College and stayed a full day at the expense of the Collegians. Centrals shook the



Gladys Ross
Nedra Macallister

Mr. Churchill (coach)
Norma Bell
Margaret Smith.

Evelyn Snowden
Gerry Hill

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Champions City Interscholastic Basketball League

twine to the tune of 84, while the Mountaineers contented themselves with 5 points. C.C.I. next played South Calgary, our greatest rivals in the Southern section. The game was one of the most furious ever seen in Calgary. At half time C.C.I. led by two to eight and managed to out pace the opponents in the last half to make the final score 22 to 13.

In the interval between the South Calgary and the Mount Royal game Eva Brown moved to Edmonton, and the team re-organized. Gladys Ross moved to jumping centre and Margaret Smith moved up from the Juniors to take the position as guard. This line-up was used in all remaining games with the exception of the finals.

The re-organized team found itself in their first game defeating Mount Royal by 52 to 8.

Crescent Heights next visited us for an exhibition, which resulted in one of the best contested games seen in Calgary during the season. The half-time score was 10-10. It was only in the final quarter that C.C.I. broke loose to run the score to 32, while they held the Crescent's to 16. The last game of our regular season was at South Calgary where C.C.I. after a well-contested game finished on the long end of a 21 to 15 score.

Crescent Heights won the Northern section and played off with Centrals in a sudden-death game. In this contest Jean Wallinger, our captain, was missing, and Ruth Bingham took her place. Central won the game by 20 to 12, but it was protested on account of Ruth Bingham being in the line-up. After hearing the protest the committee awarded the game and championship to Crescent Heights, thus ending the season.

The season 1927-28 saw the league rules changed from the women's code to the men's. This forward step has resulted in an improved league in every way. The Senior team consists of Norma Bell, captain and forward; Margaret Smith, forward; Gladys Ross, centre; Gerry Hill, guard; Evelyn Snowdon, guard, and Nedra Macallister, forward.

The season also saw the return of Central as victors in the Senior group for, although the season is not yet finished, no team is in a position to beat C.C.I. in the final standing. Up to date six games have been played out of the eight scheduled, and all six have been won by the following scores:

C.C.I.	20	Crescent Heights	4
C.C.I.	51	East Calgary	3
C.C.I.	11	South Calgary	4
C.C.I.	24	Mount Royal	2
C.C.I.	23	Mount Royal	8
C.C.I.	13	Crescent Heights	3

As East Calgary have defaulted their remaining games, and as South Calgary have lost to Crescent Heights, the league championship goes to C.C.I. who can at most lose only one game, while all other teams have been defeated at least twice.

* * *

Senior Team

Gladys Ross—First shook the dust from her sandals in 1909. Gladys has played jumping centre for C.C.I. for the past three years and has always shown excellent form. This year Gladys is excelling herself by playing jumping centre for the Senior team, and has contributed considerably to the scores by her remarkably sure aim. C.C.I.'s opponents are in for it when they are up against Gladys.

Nedra McAllister—First opened her big brown eyes in Sugaske, Saskatchewan, in 1910, and has had them on basketball ever since. Nedra has been playing on the team for C.C.I. for the past two years and this year she is C.C.I.'s trusty sub. on the Senior team.

Evelyn Snowdon—A true westerner. She was born in the City of Winnipeg in the year 1910. She attended Earl Grey Public school and also South Calgary High school. Nearly every year of her school career she has been a member of a basketball team, as well as captain of South Calgary's Senior team for two years. When she came to C.C.I. last September she was chosen for one of the guard positions on our Senior team, a position which she has filled with great credit during every game in which she has played. In our last game Evelyn played with great skill to help us win the championship.

Geraldine Hill—Known as Gerry, first bestrode her "kitty car" in Telbury, Ontario. Aiming for greater things in life Gerry migrated to Calgary, where she attended the Connaught School for two years. She then attended the McDougall School, and here she learned the game of basketball. For two years Gerry played guard on the McDougall Intermediate championship team. The next two years she played guard on the McDougall Senior championship team. Graduating into "High" she made the Senior team the first year, playing guard. This year Gerry played a splendid game as guard on the C.C.I. Senior championship team.

Helen James—Helen was born in Vancouver one July day in the year 1910. During her Public school life she didn't feel ambitious enough to play basketball, so her basketball career has been short and sweet. In the year of 1926 and 27 Helen played jumping centre on our Junior team. This year, however, Helen is studying hard to be a teacher, and thus she hasn't time to play on our teams.

Norma Bell—Norma was born in Montreal in 1911. She came West at the age of four, and since then has graced our fair city by her presence. She is one of those fair damse's aspiring to the C.C.I. Grad team, and we have reason to believe that she will one day be really great. She has played forward on the Connaught Senior and Junior teams, and also on the McDougall Junior team. Two years ago she played on our C.C.I. Junior team. Since then she has been with the C.C.I. Seniors, and this year was elected captain of that team.

Junior Teams

Central's Junior team was the weakest that has represented the school for several seasons. This was due chiefly to the fact that the Junior team of the previous year moved up to Senior ranks, with the result that the second team was composed almost entirely of freshmen.

Betty Warren and Nedra Macallister found places on the forward line. Helen James made the position of jumping centre and Peggy Menzies played beside her as side centre. Chris. Topley and Margaret Smith were the regular guards and Mary Lawson and Flora Williams acted as subs. During the year Margaret Smith moved up to the Senior team and Mary Lawson became the regular guard.

The opening game of the season was with Mount Royal and resulted in a one point loss for C.C.I. by 18 to 17. Our next game was with South Calgary on their floor, and resulted in an 8 to 8 tie. Our second meeting with Mount Royal resulted in a 20 to 9 victory.

An exhibition game with Crescent Heights was also a victory by a score of 18 to 8. Our final game was with South Calgary and was lost by a 22 to 6 score, thus giving South Calgary the group championship.

The result of the Junior league of 1927-28 is still in doubt and will not be decided until the game with South Calgary. They will be played the next to last on the schedule. C.C.I. have played three times, winning games from St. Hilda's and Western Canada College, and holding South Calgary to a tie on their own floor. As a result it looks as though the winner of the return game between these two teams will get the group championship and earn the right to enter the finals.

The score of the games played to date are:

C.C.I. II	11	South Calgary II	11
C.C.I. II	14	St. Hilda's	4
C.C.I. II	12	Western Canada	7

The players on the team are : Enid Taylor, and Margaret Allen (captain) forwards; Lucille Thorn, centre; Chris. Topley and Mary Lawson, guards; Helen Ferguson, Katherine Loftsgarden and Peggy Menzies, spares.

Junior Team

Margaret Allen—Captain and left forward of the Junior team. Is a native of Alberta, having been born in Blackie, Alberta, seventeen years ago. 1923-24 saw her at Sunalta School, where she started her career as forward on the Junior team. The next year she captained the Junior team, playing forward, and the last two years of her public school, she was captain and forward of the Intermediate team. Margaret has lightning speed and is a true shot, thus being a great benefit to her team.

Enid Taylor—Right forward of the Junior team. Hailed from Edmonton in the year 1913, and has ever since tried to be a true citizen of Calgary. She attended the McDougall school, where she first obtained her basketball knowledge, by playing in the Junior and Intermediate teams as guard. This year she has changed her position, and is now playing forward on our thriving Junior team.

Lucille Thorn—Has jumped her way into fame as jumping centre on the Junior team. Lucille was born in Rochester, Minnesota, in 1912, and came to Canada on May 26, 1920. She attended McDougall school in her early youth, and it was there her interest was aroused in basketball.

Katherine Loftsgarden—Born in Washburn, North Dakota (Mich.). Before coming to Calgary in 1918 she lived at Powell, Wyoming. Katherine never played basketball until she came to C.C.I., and in the year 1926 she practiced a lot during the year but, however, she didn't play on any team. The next year she played on the Keoma team, and the following year she played guard on the C.C.I. Junior team. The next winter, however, she was back playing with the Keoma team again. This year she is a sub. on the Junior team, and although she has only played at intervals she is a very good guard.

Peggy Menzies—Peggy was born in Calgary on a bright June morning, in the year 1914, and ever since has tried to prove herself a true Canadian; although some of her pals think she is Scotch. Peggy played side centre in our Junior team last year. This year she is a substitute for forward on the Juniors.

Helen Ferguson—A substitute for the Junior Basketball team, was born in Toronto, Ontario, in the year 1913. She came to Sunny Alberta, where she attended Cliff Bungalow and later Haultain School. She started her basketball career in Grade VI as forward on the Junior team. The next year she was forward on the Intermediate team, and during the last year of public school she was forward on the Senior team.

Chris. Topley—Right guard. Calgary can boast that Christina is one of its native daughters. She was born here on the 25th of December, 1911, and has been a resident here ever since. In McDougall school she gained most of her public school and her first basketball knowledge. In 1925 and 26 she played guard on the Senior team. Last year she played guard on the Junior team, and she is again this year trying to knock out a few with her strength and sunny smile.

Kate Chamberlain—A by-product of the foot-hills—That is to say, she was born in Calgary. Kate played guard on the Strathmore team and later when she came to Calgary, played on the Crescent Height's team. She is now subbing as jumping centre on the C.C.I. Junior team.

Mary Lawson—Born in Lethbridge one bright September morning a few years ago. She learned to play basketball by throwing stones at the mud hens on Henderson Lake. She came to Calgary in 1919, and spent most of her public school career at McDougall school. Mary played side centre on the Intermediate and Senior teams during the years of 1925-26. Both times winning the City Public School championship. Mary played sub. on the Junior C.C.I. team last year, and this year she has changed her position to guard on the Junior team.

The "Grad" Team

With the graduation of Central's victorious team a "Grad" team was formed and entered in the Senior Provincial Basketball league. The personnel of this team was Alice Allen and Madeline Piette, forwards; Elsie Newcombe, centre, Ruth Bingham and Marguerite Cooper, guards; Helen Woodside, guard, and Muriel Thom, forward.

The first game of the season was played against the University of Manitoba and resulted in a victory. Our next two games were against the Edmonton Commercial Grads, champions of the world, and as was expected, the Commercials were victorious in both games. This eliminated us from the Provincial championship. One other game was played with the Vancouver "Liberals," champions of British Columbia, and resulted in a close victory for Centrals.

This year saw the continuation of the Grads. Ruth Bingham has left for Brandon College and Alice Allen to teach in Blackie. New members added are Pearl and Evelyn Edmanson, Helen Mahaffy, Norma Bell and Ethel Morton. Only one game has been played to date, which resulted in a victory over the University of Alberta.

It is a well known fact in C.C.I. and throughout the City that Mr. J. Winston Churchill is the basketball authority of the school.

When he first came to Central High, in 1922, he showed his interest in the game and was soon established as the official coach of the girls' teams.

Since that time basketball has flourished and several championships have come to the Purple and Gold.

The students of the school, and also the graduates, feel themselves very fortunate in having such a faithful and capable coach as Mr. Churchill, and appreciate very much the time he spends in developing players and working up teams to bring honor to Central High.

INTERESTED ?—NOT BY APPEARANCE

For some time past the interest taken by the school as a whole in the support of High School sports has been gradually lessening. We might say even dangerously ebbing, for it seems that soon no one will attend the matches but the players themselves. The rugby games had few enough spectators, but the lookers-on at the hockey games have been fewer still. Admitted that the Girls' Basketball games are watched with interest by large crowds—therefore, where does the attraction lie? You must remember that a team is merely a collection of players possessing human feelings, and cannot go into a game without something to fight for. So where is that school spirit?

BASEBALL

Spring will soon be here and with it comes baseball season. Let us think about it as a game for a few minutes. It is a sport that all can take part in. Everybody knows how to play it or something about it. Hence the spectators can enjoy it as much as the players by commenting on the game and rooting for their respective teams. For some unknown reason the game has never seemed to have much attraction as an inter-scholastic sport. There has never been an official league. In the past there have been merely pick-up games or scrub games arranged by the players themselves. But this year we would like to see a league among the High Schools, and you can help by working hard for it, being a booster and thus trying to make baseball in the schools a success this year.

Last year several interesting games were played. The boys received very little support from the student body however. Central played the Normal School and Mount Royal College. In the year before last games were played between East Calgary and C.C.I., but this year we would like to see all of the High Schools in a league and playing by schedule. Let us try to promote more interest in the game.

We hope the coming season will be the biggest yet for baseball, so give us at least your moral support. We have an abundance of good material about the school. Why not use it in making this one an initial year so that we can look back on it as the real beginning of Collegiate baseball in Calgary.

CADET NEWS

About two hundred and forty boys were enrolled in the Central High School Cadet Corps and actually two hundred and twenty attended the Annual Inspection.

Owing to the small space both in the school building and on the grounds the corps have been somewhat handicapped and in comparison

with other years did not make as good a showing, but under the capable leadership of John Souter it passed a creditable inspection. The boys themselves showed that fine spirit which has always been characteristic of C.C.I.

Rifle Shooting

In this branch of Cadet work Central High did not take a back seat, as almost one hundred prizes were won during 1927, including (for the third year in succession) the Alberta Provincial Class "A" teams championship, both Senior and Junior. Charlie Fife and James Haslam won the Senior and Junior championships respectively, in these competitions. Charlie Fife also won the Junior championship in 1926. He managed to win the Miniature championship shield with the aggregate score of 862 out of 880 points possible, and the Best Shot Badge for Seniors. Roderick Anderson was but one point behind in the Miniature championship shield competition. B. Mannix won the Junior Best Shot Badge.

In the Canadian Rifle League competition the following Cadets were winners in 1926-1927 season:

Special Prize and First Class Medals—C. Fife and D. Mitchell.

Second Class Medals (Seniors) — D. Kepler, E. Borgal, C. Gilhooly, L. Gardiner, C. Neilson, J. Grodeland, F. Webster, J. Taylor, P. Harris, G. Walters, E. Dunn.

Junior—First Class Medals—B. Mannix, M. Pack, J. Haslam, J. Clamp, W. Templeton.

Second Class—A. Warrenner, M. Shantz, H. Mills, G. Carpender, T. McKee, D. Stuart, N. Moodie, I. McAulay, R. Harris, H. Thom, A. McPhedran, D. Birnie, M. McLean, R. Berkoff.

Outdoor Canadian Rifle League

First Class Spoons (Senior)—C. Fife.

Second Class Spoons (Senior) — E. Borgal, D. Bishop, C. Gilhooly, L. Gardiner, W. Taylor, J. Taylor, W. Robertson.

First Class (Juniors)—J. Haslam, J. Clamp, T. McKee, W. Templeton, A. McPhedran.

Second Class—M. McLean, B. Crossley, M. Shantz, R. Berkoff, I. McAulay, R. Harris, R. Wilmott, H. Mills, N. Moodie.

In the Inter-High Schools Shoot on the outdoor range Central High came first in the Junior match and second in the Senior.

Parker Harris won the championship and a silver medal during the Provincial Rifle Meet held at the East Calgary Ranges. At this meet C. Fife won a place on the Alberta Rifle team which visited Toronto and Ottawa.

Dominion Marksmen's Club—Don Kepler, C. Fife, C. Gilhooly, of C.C.I. and J. Sterling and Gerald Gilbert composed a team which won the Provincial championship. Each boy received a solid silver medal.

The above team came second in the Dominion championship, with a total of 1,388 out of a possible of 1,400 points.

C. Gilhooly won a gold ring in this Club.

The following Cadets won pins in the Dominion Marksmen's Club last season. Gold pins — W. Templeton, E. Taylor, J. Clamp, D. Bishop, J.

Haslam, C. Neilson, A. McPhedran, L. St. Clair, M. Shantz, T. McKee, H. Mills, G. Walters, G. Courtice, W. Robertson, J. Taylor, W. Taylor, I. McAulay, M. McLean, A. Warren.

Silver pins—R. Berkoff, J. Taylor, W. Taylor, J. Haslam, M. McLean, N. Moodie, I. McAulay, W. Robertson, A. Warrener, D. Bernie, S. Aull, H. Mills, H. Nelson, M. Kelly.

Bronze pins—C. Parker, A. Warrener, H. Nelson, J. Aull, D. Birnie, G. Mores, H. Thom, V. Bibby, B. Powers, R. McFaul, D. Cameron, A. Sevic, D. Lang, P. Morton, W. Morton, R. Whitaker, A. Blair.

The Signalling Class

Only a small class took advantage of the Signalling last year. The following boys took part and qualified for a certificate and a bonus of five dollars—R. Harris, D. Birnie, R. Mackae, C. Hood, J. Clamp.

It is still early in the season and on this account all of the scores are not available for this season. There are still several league matches and the outdoor matches to be shot off, in which Central will no doubt figure prominently. For although this school invariably goes down in some brand of sports it is always at the top of the lists when it comes to target practice, both miniature and outdoor.

A. H. F.

HIKE — THE MARCH OF THE FORTY-SEVEN — HIKE

There are a number of parents of Central High School students who do not know what we mean when we advocate a Grade XI and XII hike. For the benefit of those who do not understand, the meaning of this let me first explain.

The fundamental purpose of such a social is to create a good fellowship and a union of friendliness among students who work side by side, but are scarcely more than acquainted. Toward this end the *Analecta* staff who put on the hike devoted much attention. The point was well taken: a spirit of brotherhood existed at the hike which is rarely seen at ordinary socials.

All attending the hike were requested to be at the end of the White Car line by seven-thirty. A large number were there promptly on time, but in order to avoid leaving anyone the hikers remained for another fifteen minutes. The joy of that fifteen minutes — when you see Little Boy McClung jumping over Big Boy Munroe your heart is in your mouth before he sails to earth again — it's only the playful game of leap-frog. The sport had only begun but everyone was in a jovial mood. Even our good chaperons were rocking with laughter. Mr. Trout, in his supreme excitement, tried to jump over Mr. Asseltine, to keep pace with gushing youth.

At last the time had come to begin the long march southward to the Rotary Hut. Everyone caught the arm of a companion and thus left Calgary by two's and fours. The procession was led by our worthy Editor and his trusty staff (of wood two yards long). There was a keen competition for leadership in the tramp. Spirits were gay and a hundred yard race was no great exertion to be at the head of the regiment. Since it was a hike, cars were absolutely forbidden, and the law was enforced with the greatest success—not a car came.

What! Here's the hut. Soon all were in the three-roomed cottage warming themselves around the fireplace. Everyone had removed their wraps and were just preparing to begin the program when a sudden howl and a boistrous noise originated in the kitchen. Big rats, little rats, brawny rats, rushed for the kitchen doors.—For the first time in his life, our business manager, Pat Lang, was combing his hair. An encouraging yell was given for Pat's first attempt.

Now, that that's over, the joyous mob seeks other excitement. Let's have some music. Alright — here's "Old Black Joe." Hush, we can scarcely hear the phonograph. Wind it up, change records, warm it up, put in a new needle. But still what a tender little voice! They can't wait for that to get lubricated and the orchestra is changed to Gil McLaren and the far-reaching voice of Basil Cole.

Another interruption. In comes Harry Gibson, the chief supporter of the hike, to whom we owe many thanks, with some more eats and a bottle of milk. At first sight of the milk Keith Munroe made a dash for a drink and sent the juice all over the floor, not being accustomed to a bottle without a nipple.

Supper was served on the tables at ten-thirty. During this time Harry taking advantage of the sudden peace collected fifteen cents from each of the boys to defray expenses. A census was then taken and the total number present was found to be forty-seven. The supper was wonderful, but the sight of Tom McPherson cleaning up the mess of sandwiches and coffee on the floor was a spectacle to arouse the tears of brave men.

All things come to an end, but we must not forget—C.C.I. has a budding romance only too well evinced on the hike. Who? Why none other than our brilliant French student, A. Stiernotte, and the charming Miss E. Seville.

The sick phonograph was carried up the hill and put in the ambulance driven by Jean Macaulay. Just before leaving the hut Gibson led the crowd in giving three rousing cheers to Mr. Trout and Mr. Asselstine, to whom we extend our sincere thanks.

Was it stated that the purpose of the hike was to create a good fellowship and that it was carried out successfully? Well, here's proof—Dorothy Ford and Keith Munroe went home together, chaperoned by Spike Crane. At least they got nearly home before they started debating who should take the other home first. Another verification—Pat Lang took Dorothy Freeze to the street car, paid double fare for her and was seen to help her leave the car and proceed down the street.

PUZZLE—What time did the chaperones get home?

"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

"Yes, you fool, did you think it went through?"


* * *

Dot—"How's the best way to spread news?"


Max—"That's simple—Telephone, telegraph, tell a woman."

Dot—"No, put it in 'Wit and Humor.'"






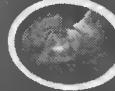
G. Tappin




W. H. Howard



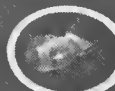
J. Campbell




J. Leermans




W. Kemick




Robert




L. Log




P. van der Grinten




V. Verbeke




L. Bouter




G. Dondale




Bell




M. Breda




A. Stelmant




H. Strachan




M. de Vries




M. de Vries




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P. Wesseler




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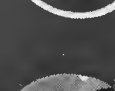
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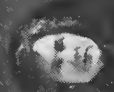


M. de Vries



M. de Vries


central collegiate Graduation class




Miss Koudbeck

12-B


1927-28




A. Dondale




M. de Vries




M. de Vries




M. de Vries




M. de Vries



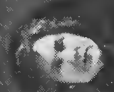
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M. de Vries



M. de Vries



M. de Vries



XIIB

- T. Morgan—It's good to be merry and wise—It's good to be honest and true.
- V. Kesnick—But come what will I've sworn it still—I'll ne'er be melancholy.
- Hober—Prudent, cautious, self-control—Is wisdom's root.
- S. Campbell—So much laughter, so much life enjoyed.
- E. Blow—To be just and kind and wise—There solid self-enjoyment lies.
- S. Kerby—Your friends all love you.
- G. Drysdale—What the world is for us, depends upon what we are ourselves.
- M. Leak—We need to be reminded more than we need to be educated.
- D. Wells—Idleness is the sepulchre of the living man.
- M. Aikenhead—Your mirror doesn't lie to you—Why should we?
- I. Becker—Uses XIIB as parking place for her books.
- G. Buchanan—Noted rugby and hockey player—The room's chief claim to fame.
- O. Patten—A more earnest soul cannot be found.
- E. Andrews—To Mr. Churchill—I'm weary, yes, my memory's tired.
- McCrae—Spends a few spare hours in school.
- Grodeland—He does not like to spread his learning.
- M. Wenstium—If you would bluff, bluff well, and your teacher will not know.
- M. Mowat—Her name is on the register, but we see her not.
- H. Jackson—He has forgotten more than the rest of us ever knew.
- Moodie—The great business of life is to be, to do, and to be without.
- J. Henderson—An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.
- F. Webster—A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.
- J. Learmonth—Our character is our will, for what we will we are.
- D. Bennett—Life is not a holiday, but an education.
- V. Potts—Be modest in speech, but excel in action.
- F. McTavish—Circumstances? I make circumstances.
- W. Bell—He would a hunting go.
- Mr. East—Some men succeed better than others because they attempt more.
- A. Statema—Genius is an immense capacity for taking pains.
- N. Brielsman—Happiness is a habit—cultivate it.
- M. Straughn—She is a maid of artless grace.
- L. Tupper—Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.
- M. McDermid—What I have learned I have forgotten; what I know I have guessed at.
- L. Kay—A bright spot in an otherwise dull room.
- L. Morris—One girl who does her own Latin and Trig.
- H. Roberts—Here today, away tomorrow.
- J. Bulmer—A hockey player from Bassano.
- A. Keith—And she was fair to look upon.
- M. Lochtie—A still, small voice.

- J. MacKenzie—Work supplies the daily food, but cheerfulness gives it relish.
 G. Toppin—More energy expended in borrowing homework than doing it.
 M. Kelis—You used to come at ten o'clock, but now ——— (you come on time).
 A. Christie—Another nice girl.
 B. Pool—It is a part that I shall blush in acting.
 W. Davidson—Oh, sleep it is a blessed thing.
 M. Jamieson—Still water runs deep.

THE ALUMNI

Central High is represented at the University of Toronto by Bill and Jack Taylor.

At the University of Edmonton are Helen Sorenson, Barbara McLaren, Freddy King and Harold Herron.

Ruth Bingham is attending the University of Brandon.

Reg. Foulds is at 'Varsity in Minneapolis.

William Lee is studying Medicine in Canton, China.

Marjorie McAsh is now living in Hamilton and continuing her studies at a nearby University.

Of the sixty students who graduated last year twenty-two are at Normal. This list includes Dorothy Begg, Betty Clark, Muriel McCaul, Muriel Sherring, Maybelle Trier, Isabelle Cooper, Helen Carr, Helen MacKenzie, Dorothy Dingman, Loraine Ritchie, Lillian Bibby, Josephine Bird, Gladys Biswanger, Helen Mercer, Pauline Lewis, Madeline Hall, Dolence McIver, Osbjorg Ellenson, Freda Allen, Johnny Souter, Emerson Borgal, Harry Wilkie.

Attending various Business Colleges in the city are Margaret McNeil, Margaret Sutherland, Jean Rutherford, Marjorie Reid and Helen Brown.

Beatrice Anderson is obtaining practical experience as a druggist at Delia, Alberta.

Those engaged in business are George Waterman, Keith Mitchell, Ted Neilson, Don Kepler, Walter Stilwell, Bob Winters, Cliff Gilhooly, Fred Cooper and Rube Gardner.

Steve Johnson and Bill Ludlow are teaching in the country.

Muriel Graves and Violet Silverthorn expect to begin training as nurses shortly.

Jean Wallinger is at home at present and deserves much praise for the efficient manner in which she acted in the capacity of nurse and house-keeper during Mrs. Wallinger's illness.

We wish to extend our congratulations to Johnny Souter for the splendid part he has played in the school-life of the Normal School as President of the Student's Union.

HELEN JAMES, XIII.

Suiferer—"I have a terrible toothache and I want something to cure it."

Friend—"Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the same?"

Suiferer—"I think I will. Is your wife at home?"



"Bloor Breezes"—Bloor Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario—"Your literary section is especially good. Your magazine shows excellent school spirit, considering your history. How about a larger humor section? We notice you have a former C.C.I. teacher, Miss Breckon, on your staff—congratulations."

"London South Collegiate Oracle"—London, Ontario—"An excellently balanced book. Your Alumni section is very commendable. Why not add a few cartoons? Some examples from 'Sur la Cote' are:

I set me down in class to sleep,
I hope my notes my chums will keep,
If I should snore before I wake,
Poke my ribs for pity's sake.

Mr. McNeil—Well, everything I says, goes.

Doug. Maxwell—Come in the garage and say it to the Gertie."

"The Lantern"—Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Sask.—"One of our best exchanges. Your numerous cuts certainly brighten the pages—Other bright spots:

"Liza what fo' you all rubbin dat burnt cork on you' face?"

"Doan you know Mandy? Hits 'cause ah wants to keep ma night school complexion."

Student's Law—The average varies directly with the homework."

"The Camosun"—Victoria High School, Victoria, B.C.—"A case of quality, not quantity. Your headings are very good. But why not mention or give a cut of your teaching staff? One of your 'Blots and Splashes':

Smith—"I have nothing but praise for our new minister."

Jones—"So I noticed when the plate came around."

"The Spotlight"—Lethbridge High School, Lethbridge, Alberta—"A very good year book. A table of contents might make the arrangement clearer. A few wise cracks:

Chemistry Teacher—"Next lesson the class will take strychnine."

Latin Sayings

Of Caesar—He came, he saw, he conquered.

Of William's ink bottle—It was brought, it was seen, it was emptied.

"The Pioneer"—Winifred High School, Winifred, Montana—"You certainly are to be congratulated on your magazine. It is proof of an ener-

getic student body and a strong school spirit. Your 'Senior Class Will' is an especially original idea." Gleaned from your jokes section:

Stranger—"Why are you running a steam roller over that field?"

Farmer—"So I may raise mashed potatoes."

Doran—"If I'm studying when the bell rings, wake me up."

"**The Pow Wow**"—Teton County High School, Choteau, Montana—"An interesting magazine, very well published. Your cuts add real interest."

"**The Brunswickan**"—University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B., contains very many interesting articles. We are honored by this university exchange.

"**The Gateway**"—University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alta. A weekly in which the names of ex-C.C.I. students adds interest.

"**Ye Flame**"—Central Collegiate Institute, Regina, Sask. A really good year book, but the humor section is slightly overdone to the detriment of the literary section. A few selections from the humor section:

Teacher (meeting his class for the first time)—"And on this paper I want your names, not your signatures."

George—"Here! What do you mean by feeding that kid yeast cakes?"

Doug—"Oh, he just swallowed fifty cents of mine and I'm trying to raise the dough."

"**The White Pine**"—The Coeur d'Alene High School, Coeur d'Alene, Washington, U.S.A.—This weekly magazine certainly displays a splendid school spirit.

"**The Enterprise**"—Petaluma High School, Petaluma, Calif., U.S.A.—This is a distinctly different type than our Canadian exchanges and therefore especially appreciated. Your cartooning and section pages are splendid. A particularly bright one from the joke section:

A law in physics—The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.

ANALECTA COMPETITIONS

The results of the competitions held in connection with the *Analecta* were very gratifying. The covers and short stories submitted were of special merit and the task of judging them was no easy one. The judges were very much divided about the covers, as all were excellent, but finally decided that those entered by Marian Mackay and Dorothy Freeze were the most suitable, so they will both receive a prize. That of Doris Cormie was very beautiful, but was not suitable as a cover design, so we could not award it a prize.

The best short stories were written by K. Vandermark, Howard Becker and Dorothy Freeze in the order named.

The poems adjudged first and second were written by Dorothy Bennett and Doris Cormie in the serious section, and Melville Allen and Betty Harvie in the humorous section.

All contestants are to be congratulated on their efforts.

Mr. Scott—"What is the formula for water?"

Miss Niven—"H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O."

Mr. Scott—"What? Where did you get that idea?"

Miss Niven—"Well, you said it was H to O."

Messages of Former Editors

CARRY ON

"Once a Central Collegian, always a Central Collegian," has been said to be the spirit of fellowship of the Alumni, and I trust it will be the thought of those who leave this spring, as it is mine at the present.

First, let me say I am glad to see that the old traditions of the school are being kept and that among teachers and students alike there is a harmonizing spirit and loyalty to the purple and the gold that has this year, as in past years, given the school the pre-eminent position among the high schools of this province.

The *Analecta* to ex-students brings the awakening of old memories and recollections of incidents which are now being duplicated, though in possibly different form, by the present student body. It is the means of preserving the life and activities of the students of the school. It fulfills those two small words, which have become so famous—carry on. Through the late war, carry on meant more than whole sentences. They embody the spirit of civilization through all trials—carry on, if the officer is killed—carry on, if the leaders of the Empire are removed—carry on. Bringing it down to a narrower sphere, carry on next year as the leaders of the school have done this year for they are leaving you to carry on the ideals, the work and the life of the school on the sport field, in the classroom and in the halls. All which they wished to do has not been accomplished; carry on, and do your best to continue where they left off. If you in your turn do not finish it, start your successors in the right path and instruct them to carry on.

Thus, may our honor and pride in the school be maintained and our dedication to it be fulfilled.

"Shelter of knowledge remain blessed for ever."

—EARL B. NEWCOMBE.

LOOKING BACK

A few days ago your Editor asked me to write something for the *Analecta*, "anything you like" was the way it was put to me, and the result will be a reminiscence of the days when I had the honor of shaping the *Analecta* in a manner worthy of my predecessors.

Those good old days were among the happiest periods of my life. An editor of the *Analecta* had to maintain his dignity in spite of detentions which were not consistent with his office. ('Tis strange that the faculty do not recognize any power but their own.) It is also strange how an article can take shape when one is immersed in a mathematical problem. The writer owns to one of his done while he was ostensibly copying history notes. If education interfered with the business of the magazine, the former had to go. Naturally enough, some work had to be done for appearances and we got by.

The Assistant Editor did more than any one in preparing material for the magazine. Mr. Stovel had the knack of knowing what the students wanted and he gave them that. Many of my own effusions were rejected for divers reasons and I do not regret this for the school was spared much

inferior matter. In proof of this I may state that he is a regular contributor to a number of magazines and his manuscript is accepted.

During my tenure of office, the girls' basketball team, coached by Mr. Churchill, won the City Championship and that of the Province. Led by Miss Alice Allen, they won every game with such huge majorities that no one could dispute the fact that they were worthy holders of the honors accorded them. I was present at every game played in the city and prophesied that the time would come when they would uphold the name of the school should they decide to continue after graduation. Behold, it has happened! The team, augmented by former school players, has proved to all that the Central Grads, as they are now known, are the near equals of the world-famous Edmonton Commercial Grads. It is a matter of record that the latter is the only team that has beaten them to the time of writing. Surely, this is something to be proud of.

The boys' hockey team won the City Championship and are now scattered far and wide. Most of them are playing professional hockey in Eastern Canada and the United States. Hardly a day passes but the name of at least one is mentioned in the press.

Looking back on these young men and women, I feel that they gave their best to the school and in return, the school has put its brand on them of personality; "a mark on the souls of the boys and girls that time will not efface" to quote from the words of a former teacher of Central Collegiate Institute.

In the course of my business, I am in contact with the general public and it strikes me forcibly that the graduates of C.C.I. are, generally speaking, of a class above the average of other schools in the city. They are possessors of "that indistinguishable something" that raises them above the common herd. To you, this means but little now but in time you will thank the powers-that-be that you graduated from Central High.

—F. G. FREEMAN.

THE C.C.I. ORCHESTRA

Among our school activities the Orchestra plays no small part. Organized two years ago, under the able leadership of Mr. Beresford, it has gradually increased in both numbers and proficiency. The instrumentation is now as follows:

Pianist—Vera Christie

First Violin

Margery Hardy
Jean Wonnacot
Vera Coulter
Bob Berkoff

Cello

Dorothy Bennet
Paul Morton

Second Violin

Gordon Cooper
Charlie Payne
Rosetta Kirby
Lois O'Neil

Saxophone

Betty Buckley
Walter Davidson

Cornet—Art. Buckley

Practices are conducted every Tuesday noon and as a result it is always prepared to function whenever the school requires its services.

It performed most creditably in harmony with the rattle of knives and forks at the Hockey Banquet and added much to the program of the Oratorical Contest and Annual School Concert.

TREAT 'EM ROUGH.

THE DUMBELLES ARE COMING!

PHUNNY-PHANTOMS
HUNDRED LONDON
CCI

THE SQUADS (N) OF CCI.




SQ. A SKEW AND HIS HARBOR KAT!

I LOVE THE LADIES

NOW YOU JUST STAY!

THE GREAT JUSTICE KICKS

SING ME A I BABY SONG



AMBITIONS OF IXA

Wright—To be an art inspector.
 Totten—To be an opera singer.
 Crooks and McDermid—To be druggists, famous for their cough drops
 of strychnine and barley sugar, which cure all diseases.
 Dwey—To wear long pants.
 Gainor—To be a taxi driver.
 Doherty—To pass in all units.
 Gerber—To become an Algebra teacher.
 Ogden—To wear a shiek hair cut.
 Roberts—To sing high soprano in a church choir.
 McKee—To escape an Algebra detention.
 Weaver—To be able to pronounce Hypothesis correctly.
 Watson—To be a science teacher.
 Maxine Hyde—To become better than her sister in French.
 Ida Tennant—To be allowed to sit in the back row in science.
 Florence MacDonald—To be able to hear herself think.
 Betty Pescod—To become a famous violinist.
 Pat Wonnacot—To be a second Paderewsky.
 Edith Compton—To be a poetess.
 Georgia Henderson—To become a second Mary Pickford.
 Marion McNichol—To be popular with the boys.
 Driver—To be a leader in school sports.
 Jacqueline North—To become editor of the *Analecta*.
 Dorothy Whitton—To pass in all units, except Geometry.
 Dorothy Metcalfe—To become Leader of C.G.I.T. for Alberta.
 Dorothy Fraser—To become a portrait artist.
 Gladys Whalley—To obtain a sense of humor.
 Mary Dickson—To become a French teacher.
 Hazel Weidenkammer—To pass in French.
 Lois O'Neil—To lead the C.C.I. orchestra.
 Gertrude Thorne—To create a permanent wave with bobby pins.
 May Brown—To obtain the prize for dancing at Banff.
 Minnie Main—To become a flapper.
 Phyllis Reid—To win the oratorical contest.
 Mary McLacklin—To pass in Science.
 Ruth Grevett—To be able to do her hair up.
 Ethel Ilyde—To be a novelist.
 Peggy Mackay—To obtain a job in the Follies.
 And meanwhile IXA's ambition is to become head of the Grade IX's of
 C.C.I.

IN IXA COULD YOU PICTURE

Ruth Grevett not talking?
 Peggy Mackay facing the front?
 Edith Compton having all her books at school?
 Lois O'Neil having her art done, and at school?
 Maxine Hyde not borrowing part of her day's work from her friends?
 Jacqueline North ever missing more than one question a day?
 Florence MacDonald not being serious?
 Mary Dickson never talking in Science period?
 Pat. Wonnacot never eating candy?
 Jack Crooks not asking questions?

Bill Weaver being quiet two periods in succession?
 Kenneth McDermid never laughing out loud?
 George Driver never writing out propositions for the Geometry teacher?
 Ernest Gerber having no detentions?
 Ross Gainor never winking at girls?
 George McKee not chewing gum?
 And could you imagine IXA being a quiet room between periods?

FATE OF IXB

Alas! The subjects of IXB are destined to part. The time is soon to come when Sam Epstein, the much-loved brother of James Laidlaw, must resign himself to his fate,—a mere street sweeper, while Laidlaw is doomed to die sooner or later. Kenneth Robertson bears all the earmarks of a future horse-thief, but Kenneth Boucher will specialize in silverware. Hugh Boucher, a wary detective, will rid the world of all such torments. Smalley, insignificant though he sounds, will one day be King of England. Dingman is a rare scholar and may found a University in the near future. Bert Rutledge may some day repent of his unbounded curiosity. The twins,—Beland and Gateman—or is it Egleston?—will run a fine circus in which the comical Bros,—Nelson and Morantz, will be the most striking feature. Owing to Stuart Bell's success in obtaining a new fountain-pen at the expense of the above-named K. Robertson, he and Marles have decided that they might possibly outwit Birge and Devit and become the leaders of the Chicago blackmailers.

Irene Murdoch and Kate Vandermark will undoubtedly tie in the next beauty contest in Hollywood. Mabel Gunderson is awkward as an outcome of her contest with Alice Cranswick and Dorothy Boasten in humming, chewing gum, and munching candy, but will not likely always have that honor. Muriel Borgal, Theatis Bilsland and Pat Brown will probably never get relief from their Geometry lines if they do not change their ways. Margaret Maguire and Alda Smalley will likely tie in French if one does not succeed in beating the other. Bertha McLeod, Eileen Moore and Rena Watson plan to found a physical training school, the main object of what or whom? being to reduce. Helen Armstrong and Annie Ross will necessarily help Frances Dippi if she ever intends to change her unhappy name. Grace Warner, commonly called "free and easy," will one day be the world's greatest aeronaut. Hazel Anderson and Nellie Balken will be partners in fame, Hazel, a remarkable singer, and Nellie, renowned for her dancing. The rare beauty, Maxine Loche, is on the road to becoming a modern Cleopatra, while her friend, Margaret Blatchford, will be a travelling gypsy, reading the palm of any chance victim. A little bird like Flora MacDonald would surely have her wings broken if she were to fall to such an occupation as that of Eileen Nyblett,—a common wash-woman. Such, however, is the way of the world.

AMBITIONS OF NYNE SEE

Margaret Allen—To be a basketball champion.
 Roland Beard—To be a professor.
 Allan Calkins—To be a minister.
 Erick Cherer—To learn French.

Annetta Clarke—A lady in waiting.
 Muriel Hurst—To be a school teacher.
 Jack Kemish—To be a millionaire.
 Mamie Thompson—To be an orator.
 McKenzie (twin)—To own a double-barrel shot gun.
 Christie Marr—To be a chaperone.
 Margaret Mayhew—To do a man's job.
 Alice Rabidow—To finish his education.
 Lucile Rankin—To be a Sunday School teacher.
 Gertrude Ridgeway—To be a poetess.
 Tom Rutherford—To be a hero.
 Charles Simpson—To be stronger than onions.
 Jean Turner—To be a trans-Atlantic flier.
 Hazel Walker—To be a flapper.
 Mary Wilson—To be popular.

THE MOCK TRIAL

Oyez! Oyez! Hear ye all here today to hear the judicial transcendence of the fractious phase of scholastic existence,—and down fell the gavel of the court crier, U. R. Toonie, (otherwise known as Jonathan Davidson).

I. M. Tuff (commonly known as Homer Withell) was arraigned before their Worships, Art MacLean (presiding judge), Clifford Wright, and Roscoe McKay, at the Supreme Court assizes of the Central Collegiate Institute, February 31, 1560, on a charge of :

“Stealing the teacher's candy; Giving his best attention in school; Doing six hours homework every night including Sunday.”

Never since the days before the twenties has a prisoner of such dread aspect appeared before such respectable judges. This counted against the prisoner.

The trial proceeded.

Brilliantly the council for the crown, Miss Mamie Thompson laid her charges and demanded justice and protection for our law-abiding school.

The witnesses, Herb Topley, Marion Maxie, Enid Taylor, and Roy Smith, gave their testimony, were cross-examined and then were dismissed.

Then up spoke the able lawyer, Reginald de Barefoot Farris (Gerald Stewart) to make a passionate appeal for his ruffian client—Not an eye was dry in the court-room.

Again the trial proceeded, the prisoner making fearful attempts to escape, but was held by the firm grip of our strong policeman, (Don McLeod).

Even the most powerful notary cannot supply endless argument. Tense silence reigned in the court-room while the jury retired for a decision.

The foreman of the jury, Allan Morton, an unusually argumentative person, aired his views, to which his fellow jurors, Vivian Brown, Lucile Thorn, Violet Armstrong, Easter Tuthill, Helen Ferguson, Dorothy Walker, Robt. Aylesworth, Bob Law, Arnold Bracken, Doug Dawson, Ronald Robb, agreed.

He then gave the decision of the jury as “guilty” and thus the prisoner was destined to pay the extreme penalty.

To attend all events of sport displaying school colors and plus fours;

to replace the teacher's candy and to do no more than twenty minutes homework each night, was the decree handed down by their Worships—and so the trial ended.

Justice at times seems harsh, but on what would our social structure depend if it were not for the sage wisdom of our greatest minds and worthy judges?

APT. MacLEAN.

A FEW OF THE CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF IXD

Harrison Heisler—Makes wonderful monkey faces.

Lucien Duarkin—Always has his homework done.

George Turner—Delights in bawling out other students.

Aubrey Booth—Forever fooling.

Harry Lorsback—Always thinking of great inventions.

Murray Finlayson—Always has an excuse ready and delights in dancing jigs on his desk.

Clarence Borgal—Enjoys teasing.

A FAIRY STORY IN IXD

Young Eugene was walking over a **Brown Field** or **Lee**, (which it was I cannot say). As she was walking along she came to a **Darling** little stream, where the water was **Gush-ing** its way to the **McKenzie** river. Suddenly she met **Katharine**, **Marjorie** and **Clarence** who had been walking with a **Mann**. As they became tired they all sat down to eat some **Kay** sandwich spread with their bread. In about half an hour they came to the **Touns-end** where **Eugene** tripped on a **Coyle** and **Katharine** on a piece of **Wood**. They could not get **Eugene** out of the **Coyle**, so they sent **Clarence** to **Borrow** a man. On reaching the town **Clarence** saw a sign up, showing the name of the town, to be **Blair-water**. On their return to their own town, they came across a **Billy** goat which greatly amused **Clarence**. When they reached their home town the girls entered the post-office to find several **cob-Webb's**, and on the floor a dog was eating a **Bown**. Each having five cents to spend, they went over to **Mr. McAlister's** ice-cream **Booth** to get some ice-cream. **Clarence** told **Eugene** that he was a **cross** old fellow, to which she replied, "I don't care, I **Fear-man** not." **Mr. McAlister** had three boys with him, as it was exhibition day. Their names were **Lucien**, **Murray** and **Harry**.

After buying their treat, and when they had started for home, they came upon **Mr. Heisler**, the **Blacksmith**, giving orders to a man, "**Gordon! Turn-h-er** around!" When they arrived at their homes, they had supper and retired to bed.

—GLADYS M. YOUNG
MARGARET W. KAY, IXD.

* * *

Heisler—(after seeing a porcupine)—"Oh, mother, come and see the big pork and bean all covered with quilts."

* * *

Mothers never see their children's faults. Isn't it peculiar?

Mother—"How absurd. I'm sure I'd see my children's faults, if they had any."

—IXD.

SOCIETY

THE SCHOOL CONCERT

On Tuesday, March 13th crowds of people flocked to Al Azhar Temple to enjoy our Annual School Concert. The concert this year was of special interest, for the final elimination of the C.C.I. contestants in the Oratorical Contest composed a large portion of the program.

Rev. Dickson acted as chairman and gave the evening an excellent opening with a few short, witty remarks. The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Beresford, rendered some splendid numbers. They certainly are progressing and C.C.I. now has an orchestra unexcelled in the schools.

Preliminary to the first oration a farce by the students of Grade XI, trained by Mr. Trout, entitled "An Obstructive Hat in a Pit" was put on. The cast consisted of:

Father	Fred Maxie
Mother	Vera Bannerman
Little Jimmy	Aubrey Booth
Sam	Jack James
Lady with Hat	Beatrice Moyer
Lady in Back Row	Marjorie Hiscox
Audience—Different members of the Grade XI's.	

Fred Maxie, as the father, deserves special mention if for nothing else than the accent he cultivated.

The first oration was delivered by Arthur Cragg in a clear and convincing manner. A great deal of splendid material was presented in the brief time given.

A trio of talented C.C.I. musicians, Dorothy Bennet, Vera Christie and Jean Wonnacott, gave some excellent numbers.

The second oration was given by Willie Epstein, whose delivery was specially commendable.

Peggy Mackay, Amy Bowker and Jean Anderson, three clever dancers, showed the audience that C.C.I. talent contains variety.

The last two orations were delivered by Jean Stevenson and Mamie Thompson. The latter being a Grade IX student, will certainly bring glory to C.C.I. yet.

At the conclusion of the program Rev. Dickson gave the unanimous decision of the judges—Mrs. Bagnall, J. D. Ferguson and G. S. Lord—in favor of Arthur Cragg. Art. will represent C.C.I. in the district eliminations and we hope and expect in the provincial, if not dominion, contests. Fred Webster, president of the Kappa Kappa Tau Club, presented the winner with a medal and best wishes donated by the Club.

Let us hope that the success of this event will stimulate keen interest in the school in oratory, music and dramatics.

Another delightful feature of the program was a cleverly acted play, put on by Grade XII students, under the capable leadership of Miss Kaulbach. The play, entitled "The Trysting Place," dealt with three romances

in a summer hotel. The cast, who deserve praise for their really excellent acting, consisted of:

Mrs. Curtis	Helen James
Lancelot Briggs	Bill Pool
Jessie Briggs	Beth Carscallen
Rupert Smith	Dudley Wells
Mrs. Briggs	Zella Oliver
Mr. Inglesby	Bob Wallace
The Mysterious Voice	Keith Monroe

RUGBY BANQUET

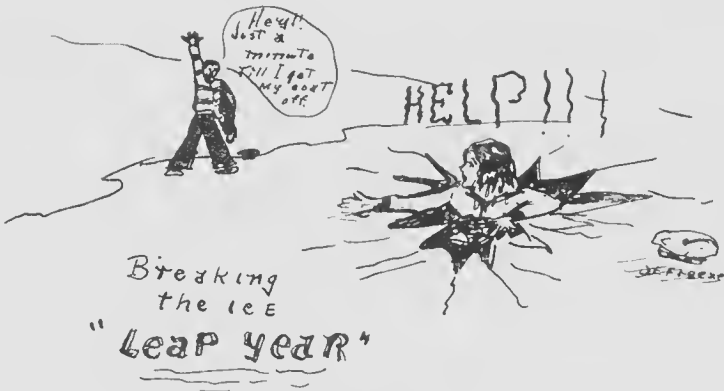
Owing to the ban in the autumn the Rugby Banquet was indefinitely postponed. In order to bring a fitting climax to a most successful season for C.C.I. Sylvia Kirby, president, decided that the Grade XII girls must have their usual banquet regardless of the time of year. The girls also decided to include the Junior and Senior Hockey teams who brought honor to C.C.I. by winning the coveted shields.

The banquet will be held on March 23 in the Assembly Hall. Lots of fun, a good programme and an excellent supper is promised by the girls.

President, Sylvia Kirby. Sec'y-Treas., Betty Buckley.

Decorations, Doris Cormie; Refreshments, Beth Carscallen; Program, Zella Oliver; Dishes, Dorothy Bennet.

EVELYN SNOWDON.



IT'S LEAP YEAR, GIRLS !

Slippery ice very thin
 Pretty girl tumbles in
 Saw a boy on a bank
 Gave a shriek and then she sank
 Boy on bank heard her shout
 Jumped right in and helped her out;
 Now he's hers—very nice,
 But she had to break the ice.

XA**Class Yell**

XA up, XA down. Yea, XA, up or down.

* * *

News Briefs

We hear that Selwood has been asked to make a good-will flight to Mars in "We II."

* * *

The latest news from Geneva is that XA wants complete disarmament.

* * *

Mr. Jones has put a ban on hats and caps, because he thinks them unnecessary.

* * *

Current Humor

Thank goodness, Heaven selected its musical instruments before the sax and uke were invented.

* * *

Living-room—That part of a house a family passes through on its way from the dining-room to the car.

* * *

Eating apples may keep the doctors away, but it started dressmakers in their business.

* * *

What Would the Teachers Say if—

Harley knew his Latin?

Coutts forgot his gum?

Whitaker didn't laugh in Literature period?

Russell wasn't late for two days?

Jean Sutherland couldn't find something to giggle about?

Gardiner stopped copying Geometry in Algebra period?

Coffin made a mistake in French?

Selwood skipped a detention?

Margaret Smith made less than 90% on exams?

* * *

Famous Sayings By Famous Pedagogues

Mr. Churchill—"You should have been buried long ago."

Mr. Beresford—"Coutts, you had better apply to the school board for an arm chair."

Miss Elliot—"Harley, we will see what we can do to mend this business."

Mr. Trout—"Weinfeld, meet me in XIC at four."

Mr. Powell—"Take the 3 to the upstairs and the 4 to the downstairs. Guess what this means."

Mr. Jones—"Selwood, put that gum in the waste paper basket."

Mr. Menzies—"Watson, that must be a new word in Latin."

XA Motto

Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.

* * *

Slogans of the Day

The War Tax must go.

We must have examinations.

Four out of five have them ——— detentions.

"I do not choose to run."

Millions for charity, but not a cent for idleness.

Use XA answers.

Leave the room.

We want more Algebra.

Latin is the spice of ———? Now, we ask you.

X B

Name	Favorite Occupation	Chief Ambition
C. House.	Making a "hit" with the girls.	To get back into the Geom. class.
V. Gillespie.	Telling stories for Mr. Forsythe.	To learn Latin.
C. Davidson.	Trying to repeat Geometry correctly.	"Nihil."
D. Stewart.	Trying to evade detentions.	To pass at Easter.
H. Thorpe.	Doing H. Wilkinson's Algebra.	Pass in French.
Marjorie Campbell.	Making a noise.	To become a public speaker.
Emma Moore.	Making eyes at the boys.	To become a flapper.
Thelma Luck.	Collecting debaters.	To become a teacher.
Rebecca Gardener.	Reading jokes to Motter.	To become a humorist.
Doug. Motter.	Listening to Rebecca's jokes.	To be friendly with all the girls.
George Henderson.	Copying Latin.	To be a dispenser.
Ralph Mitcheltree.	To keep cool under Mr. Churchill's "rapid fire."	"Nihil."

XB—Continued

Name	Favorite Occupation	Chief Ambition
Doris Larmor	Chewing gum for Miss Elliot.	To get through High School.
Eleanor Blow	Reciting Geometry.	To pass ? ? ? ?
Elena Elton	Laughing during Mr. Forsythe's period.	To have a good time.
Muriel Oliver	Studying?	? ? ? ? ?
Charmain Johnson	To make a noise.	To be a radio announcer.
Alison Jackson.	Keeping her seat horizontal.	To get a new seat.
Hazel Wilkinson.	Saying she was not talking.	To learn to skate.
Blanche Clarke	Looking wise.	To become a school marm.
Audrey Falcons	Decorating the blackboards.	To be serious minded.
Edith Waters	Laughing at Doug. Motter.	To please Mr. Robinson.
Amy Boucher	Acting the role of an angel.	To get a shiek.
Marion Beltan.	To skip detentions.	To be able to recite Geometry.
Lois Eason	Arguing with Mr. Jones.	To escape the eagle eye of Mr. Jones.
Urith Sly.	Doing homework during Lit. period.	To become a swimmer.
Fairie Mutart	Doing Algebra between 1.45 and 1.50.	To be a "Prima Donna."
Matilda Zuccilo.	Doing homework at noon.	To be an artist.
Margaret Harvey	Trying to look pretty in front of boys.	To recite Geometry correctly.
Helen Avery.	To stay away from school.	To pass in June.
Florence McCammon	Talking, laughing, etc.	To become an authoress.
Helen Hagle.	Doing Art at noon.	To grow a little more.
H. Aaron.	Annoying Mr. Jones.	To be as tall as Birnie.
B. McLean	Doing Latin for XB boys.	To have Miss Elliot call him by his right name.
T. Scrace	Flirting with the girls.	To be a shiek.
E. McQuarry.	Doing Geom. for XB boys.	Has none.
D. Birnie.	Keeping in good with Mr. Menzies.	To hang on to a new blotter for a day.
Blackadar	Kicking D. Birnie.	To learn French.
Jolin	Shutting the door for Mr. Churchill.	To go a day without getting lines from ? ? ?
D. Robinson.	Writing notes to Rebecca Gardiner.	To play hockey?
C. Nesbit.	Doing his Algebra at noon.	To get 100 in Geom.

AN ODE TO XC

Many have heard of the brave six hundred.
Many have heard of the jolly XC.
But will you tell me, has anyone wondered,
Wondered just what is their future to be.

Just as the "Crystal Gazer" kens,
The future and the things to come,
I will forecast for the furious X's.
Well! This is just the general run:

1. Three years from now 'midst pouring rain,
Wilson and Evelyn are the names,
The first with haste the maid did woo,
Beneath a parasol built for two.
2. I also see, though you may mock,
Wells Morton running a Barber Shop,
And Davidson showing that curly hair,
Will grow on all wood, 'cept a kitchen chair.
3. Of course you know I can't leave out
Poor Pool because he's got the gout.
And Peggy Menzies finds it hard
To make her doughnuts without lard.
4. A stroll through the ally just reveals
A score of burnt cookies and apple-peels.
You've gessed it, it's that Topley miss
And Laing's the milk man (Please don't hiss).
5. Dixon is cleaning an old Ford boat.
And Olive is puzzling the price of a coat.
Mary is gazing at the stars,
The rest are driving new Ford cars.
6. If I could get the others to rhyme,
I'd go on for an indefinite time.
But if you all will join with me
We'll give three cheers for old Ten-C.

By E. W.C., XC.

IMPOSSIBLE IN XC

Broach never looking at Margaret Rinman.
Payne without an excuse for not having his homework.
Isabel Coats never talking.
Mary Willis never flirting.
Dixon never getting detentions.
Langston arriving on time.
Coulter sitting up in his seat.
Ross never blowing his nose.
Audrey Pescod not combing her hair.
Chris. Topley right side front.

WHAT XC IS NOTED FOR

1. Broach's rubber neck.
2. Brook's tardiness.
3. Isabel's giggling.
4. Davidson's oratorical power when he should be quiet.
5. Payne's excuses.
6. Langston's last minute appearances.
7. Coulter's inability to sit up in geometry period.
8. Baker's wonderful imagination in French.
9. The genius of Peggy and Chris. as basketball players.
10. The inside of Broach's desk.
11. The general dumbness of the class in Mr. Churchill's period.

Teacher's Song as They Enter XD—

"I underwear the chalk has gone!"

I Wonder What Would Happen If :—

McLean bought a bottle of ink?
 E. Charm got to school early?
 Mary Lawson had her homework done?
 Powers got away with the homework he never does?
 Annie Daniels stayed at school a whole day?
 Learmonth would talk to a girl?
 Gilmour would write his exams?
 Isabelle Polinkas stopped writing notes?
 Anybody pleased Mr. Churchill.
 Langston stopped chewing gum in history period?
 Gilmour got out of school without a detention?

* * *

The Motto of XD

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can put off till some other day."

* * *

Gilmour says that spares make a person lazy. He has eighteen a week himself.

* * *

We want to know what would happen to Langston, Peterson and a few others in XD if the gum factory went bankrupt?

* * *

"Gilmour, after I get finished with you Mr. Jones has a detention for you. Miss Elliot wants you after that, and then you had better go and see Mr. Churchill. You are also wanted in XC by Mr. Robinson. After you finish with them I guess you will be able to go home."

* * *

We want a one-armed boy to take up the collection at rugby and hockey games. We also want a private detective to trace these missing books and bottles of ink.

RUNNING THROUGH XE

- Alice Reed—"Professor"—She knows her onions!
 Jean Dykes—"Gretchen"—Will make a modest housewife.
 Alice Pearce—"Specs"—Noted for making a racket.
 Olive Burns—"Bobby"—Champion giggler of C.C.I.
 Evelyn Elder—"Flapper"—Always flapping.
 Vivian Kepler—"Biddy"—Sidekick of Ena Bailly.
 Grace Wheatly—"Innocence"—Even when she chews gum.
 Jean Cameron—"Jac"—Deciding factor in literature questions.
 Isabel Mackenzie—"Izzy"—How did you escape from the fashion catalogue?
 Ena Bailly—"Beans"—Olive Burn's rival.
 Alberta Stinson—"Bertie"—That's what the "Flapper Vote" is all about.
 Gertrude Kennedy—"Gertie"—Better late than never.
 Jean Anderson—"Bruce"—A Scotchman out of kilts.
 Margaret Gainor—"Maggie"—Where's Jiggs?
 Mildred Pugh—"Farmerette"—Ambition, to be a B.S.A.
 Vivian Ollsen—"Olly"—Bertie's twin.
 Jean Bridger—"Bridget"—Noted for her tidy desk.
 Muriel Marshall—"Speedy"—Swift worker when it comes to vamping.
 Donna Marshall—"Donna-is-a-belle"—Oh, those eyes!
 Bill Greig—"Wee Willie"—Famous for the crease in his pants.
 Fred MacKay—"Curly"—Keeps his hair curly by eating carrots.
 Gordon Cooper—"Coop"—A musician—gramophone player.
 Edwin McKinnon—"Mac"—Mr. Woodman's assistant.
 Jack Scott—"Scotty"—What would happen if he came five days in succession?
 Arthur Thompson—"Mulligan"—A would-be chemist.
 Cecil White—"Grimshaw"—Noted for trying to part his hair in the right place.
 Ralph Grant—"Hagan"—A big bouncing boy.
 James Lowe—"Jiggs"—Where is Maggie?
 John Wallace—"Wampus"—A left-handed, right-handed man.
 John Reid—"Jacob"—Where is your ladder?

* * *

Drastic Events in XE

- Mr. Churchill not giving a detention.
 Miss Bridger wins an art contest.
 Jean Bruce Anderson drops a nickle.
 Fred MacKay forgets to eat his daily carrot.



FOREWORD

No doubt you have read over page after page
 And now see in this section your name,
 But please don't be cross, nor get into a rage,
 To amuse and instruct was our aim.

Our jokes we have tried to make witty and bright
 To the best of our limited power,
 If you're a good sport, and can see things aright,
 You'll enjoy them in every lone hour.

All those who have helped us to make this worth while,
 From the depths of our hearts do we bless,
 And may this Analecta, bring many a smile,
 Good fortune, great cheer, and success.

JOKE EDITORS.

FAMOUS STORIES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE OF C.C.I.

A Tale of Two Cities—Central Grads vs. Edmonton.
 Les Miserables—The Flunkers.
 Pilgrim's Progress—The word of C.C.I.'s students.
 Prisoner's Song—Lament in a debating room.
 The Heroes—Our school team.
 Caesar's Friend—Mr. Menzies.
 Travels with a Donkey—My walk to school with you.
 The Daughter of a U.E. Loyalist—Mrs. McMillan.
 They Shall Not Pass—Warsong of a C.C.I. goal-keeper.
 Babes in the Woods—The Freshies.
 The Light That Failed—An overworked excuse for neglected home-work.

* * *

A teacher had a great deal of trouble making a student understand his work. Finally he succeeded, and drawing a long breath, remarked: "If it wasn't for me, you would be the biggest ass in C.C.I."

* * *

Central is alright from one point of view, that is: From Thirteenth avenue and Eighth street.



B.T.

YOUNG FRESHMAN - WHAT'LL WE DO ON A DEWY DEWY DAY
 FED-UP SENIOR - HOMEWORK

GEOMETRY

I think that I shall never see
 A thing as hateful as Geometry
 With chords and arcs all day I wrangle
 Until at night I'm in a tangle.
 Angles bisected, chords inscribed,
 'Til my ruler and compass are sorely tried
 Finding the value of X or of B
 Is all we do in Geometry.
 Upon whose head a curse is laid
 By students often sore afraid,
 But I'm not the first nor last to be
 A nervous wreck through Geometry.

* * *

Under the spreading chestnut tree
 The village Smithy stands,
 This Smith, a sporty guy is he,
 With kid gloves on his hands.

His hair is smeared with vaseline,
 His clothes are even slicker;
 And while his wife pumps gasoline,
 He peddles bootleg likker.

* * *

Keith Munro—"Between you and me, what do you think of Jack's girl?"

Harry Gibson—"Between you and me, not so much,—but alone, oh boy!"

Little drops of water
 On a student's brow,
 If he'd studied sooner,
 They wouldn't be there now.

* * *

SURE IT'S A CINCH

Most any man can be an editor. All the editor has to do is to sit at a desk six days a week, four weeks a month, and twelve months a year and edit such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Pincher Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"Ted Avison climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, landing on his back porch."

"While William Herron was escorting Miss Vera Christie from the church social last Thursday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Herron on the public square."

Mr. Neilson, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn crib."—Exchange.

* * *

Said the small boy—"My maw and paw had an awful time getting married. Maw wouldn't marry paw when he was drunk, and paw wouldn't marry maw when he was sober."

* * *

OUR XI's

With jokes and pranks of latest fame,
 Laughter, jolly and gay,
 Is what they give to win the name
 Of mischievous XIA.

Girls to the right of us, girls to the left of us,
 Girls all around us,
 Giggling and shouting:
 Here's to Gordon, a topping kid. Gee!
 He's the sheik in XIB.

'Mid sullen walls of blackish hue,
 Among a heap of books they do—
 Their daily tasks.
 Work piled on work is all they see.
 That's XIC.

It's fun to dwell for just a day,
 And watch the periods fly away.
 But in the end 'tis just the same,
 They're like the others without a name;
 If at their homes they oft pursue, their work
 In gallant ecstasy?
 They're not the room that used to be,
 But now it is just XID.

G. K. LEWIS, XIA.

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?" asked a barrister who was cross-examining and badgering a witness.

"No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn pale?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Who was it?"

"A negro."

The barrister lost his case.

* * *

Heard in the Halls

- 1 I'll catch it; I haven't done a speck of homework.
- 2 Say, have you got your Algebra done?
- 3 Lend me your comb a minute.
- 4 Have I got too much powder on?
- 5 Hang it! I've got a detention tonight.
- 6 That's right! Drink the tap dry.
- 7 Hurry up! Do you think I can wait all day?
- 8 Has the first bell rung?

* * *

Young Man—"So, Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?"

Fred—"Nobody ain't come yet, but Pa says the first guy that comes can have her."

* * *

A Confidence in a Ford

The Ford is my auto. I shall not want (another). It maketh me lie beneath it. It seareth my soul. It leadeth me into the paths of ridicule for its name's sake. Yea, though I ride through the valleys I am towed up the hills, and I fear much evil for thy rods and engine discomfort me. I anoint thy tires with patches and thy radiator runneth over. I prepare for blowouts in the presence of mine enemies. Surely if this thing followeth me, all the days of my life, I shall dwell in the Bughouse forever.

(With apologies to the Bible, from XIB.)

* * *

Baker had just arrived in Minnesota from Scotland, but had heard of the wonders of Minnehaha Falls, so decided to see for himself. He went to the ticket office and said: "Ay want a coom-back ticket, Minnie falls, ha, ha."

Wonders will never cease! On the examination at Xmas the following lines were to be quoted:

Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul.

A noted gentleman of XIA gives his own interpretation to these few lines:

Cold money kept down its rage, but with
Smouldering eyes frightened the person stiff.
It's the absolute truth!

* * *

A pretty young woman stepped into a music shop the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was sorting out some music and in her sweetest tones asked: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?'" The clerk turned, looked, and said, "It must have been the man on the other counter, I've only been here a week."

* * *

The Ontario Laundry seems to deliver its laundry in Rugby fashion. Send a shirt there and get it Half-back or Quarterback.

* * *

Heard in XIA

G. White—"My girl rejected me last night."

Buckley—"Too bad, old man."

G. White—"Oh, I don't care. I wouldn't want to marry a girl with such lack of good sense, anyway."

* * *

Pure and Simple

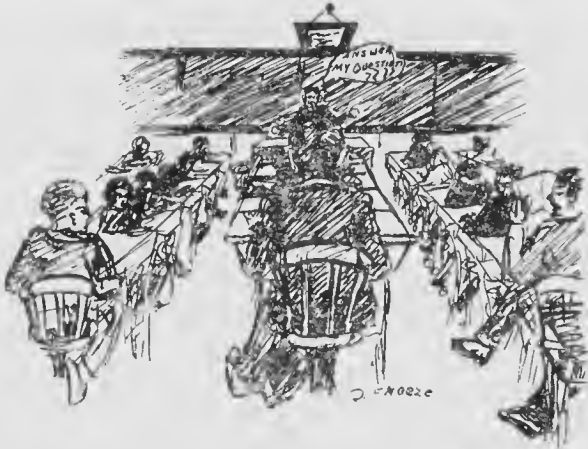
I never smoke, for cigarettes are harmful to the best of us.
And smokers often make themselves obnoxious to the rest of us;
I never drink, I know that liquor lessens man's ability,
And hastens his approach into the stages of sensility.
To spend my time in dancing, I consider utter waste of it,
And as for petting, why I've never had a taste of it!
I never ride in autos, I'm averse to their rapidity;
I seldom read the newspapers; I question their validity.
I disapprove of bridge; in fact, I'm utterly opposed to it,
You ask me where I keep myself in this broad-minded century?
I'm serving a life sentence in the local penitentiary!

* * *

A Scotchman gave a waiter a tip. The horse lost.

* * *

A terrier, owned by a Scotchman, has learned to drink whisky.—"His Master's Voice."



Distressed Professor—"Why don't you answer me?"

Freshie—"I did shake my head."

Distressed Professor—"Well, you don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here?"

* * *

Deduction in History

The more you study, the more you forget,
The more you forget, the less you know;
The less you study, the less you forget,
The less you forget, the more you know.
So why study? (Ask the teachers).

* * *

Recipe for the Cultivation of a Moustache

About 9 p.m. place a glass of water on a chair near the bed.
Rub a little salt on your upper lip and get into bed.
Lie facing the water and pretend to go to sleep.
Keep one eye partly open and you will soon see a little hair come out in search of a drink, the salt having made it thirsty.
Watch it closely and suddenly catch hold of it and tie a knot in it to prevent it from going back.
Renew the pretence to sleep and treat the next one that comes out in the same manner.
By daylight, if you are watchful and quick, you will have a nice little moustache.

* * *

Jackson—"What is your definition of an optimist?"

Johnson—"A fellow who looks at his shirt just back from the laundry, and says, 'Oh, well, we needed lace curtains anyway.'"

* * *

Edison with all his inventions was a piker compared to the ambitious young photographer who advertised: "Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted and framed for \$8.79."

Man (in drug store)—“I want some consecrated lye.”

Druggist—“You mean concentrated lye.”

Man—“It does nutmeg any difference. That’s what I camphor. What does it sulphur?”

Druggist—“Fifteen cents. I never cinnamon with so much wit.”

Man—“Well I should myrrh-myrrh. Yet I ammonia novice at it.”

* * *

Squire Webster—“Did you send for me, my lord?”

Lancelot—“Yes, make haste, bring me a can opener; I’ve got a flea in my knight clothes.”

* * *

Mr. Powell—“What is a minus quantity?”

Doug. R.—“It’s what you’ve got when you haven’t got as much as if you just had nothing.”

* * *

History Teacher (at the end of a patriotic speech)—“What would you say if you saw your flag waving triumphantly over the battlefield?”

No answer.

History Teacher—“Come now. What would you say, Mary?”

Mary—“I’d say the wind was blowing.”

* * *

To Tom who had been cutting up, his mother exclaimed wearily, “Why can’t you be a good boy?”

“Well, mother, I’ll be good for a nickle!”

Mother—“For shame: You ought to be like your father, good for nothing.”

* * *

“What is the past tense of poet?”

“Waste-paper basket.”

* * *

Jean—“Ruth told me that you told her that secret, that I told you not to tell her.”

Bess—“Cats! I told her not to tell you.”

Jean—“Well, I told her I wouldn’t tell you, if she told me. So don’t tell her I told you.”

* * *

Miss F.—“Birnie, will you please be quiet?” (A few minutes later the class is again being disturbed by said Birnie).

Miss F.—“Look here, I want you to understand that I’m not afraid of you.”

Try These on Your Victrola

Wonder How I Look When I'm Asleep—Keith Munro.
 Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't Go Wrong—Alfred Stiernotte.
 The Whisper Song—Mary Currie.

Me and My Shadow—Betty Buckley and G.
 Dunlop.

Ain't She Sweet—Blanche Bennetsen.
 C'est vous?—Miss Kaulbach.
 At Sun Down—Our Homework.
 It Made You Happy—100% in History.
 Oh Say, Can I See You Tonight?
 —Mr. Churchill.

Remember—Your Detentions.
 At Peace with the World—Homework done.
 Doll Dance—Fellows at drill.
 What's the Use of Crying?—Helen James.
 Sleepy Head—Art Buckley.
 Just Once Again—Mr. Asselstine.
 Dainty Miss—Doris Cormie.
 So Blue—George Dann.
 Is It Possible?—Tom Baker.
 What Does It Matter?—Easter Exams.



* * *

A Page from a XIIB Homework Book

Do physics questions 4 to 11,
 And read the pages to 27,
 Decipher the meaning of verses of lit.
 And memory work, oh quite a bit.
 Four trig. questions next to do,
 With four corrections, may be two,
 Two pages of Latin to translate
 And sentences 6 to 28.
 History, read pages both long and wide,
 Review all last day's notes besides;
 Get those four geometry questions right,
 And the next proposition, prepare to recite.
 Algebra questions, also four,
 French, six pages and no more.
 Be satisfied if this is not done—
 A long detention you have won.

* * *

Spike (to fortune teller)—“And in my dreams I had a very peculiar sensation; it seemed that there was a terrible itching sensation in my head. How do you interpret that?”

Fortune Teller—“Your head needed scratching.”

* * *

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of, how
 in ———, will I get through the exams?

Hands Up !

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said a little man in the corner. "Next Saturday night."

* * *

Doubled Up

Summer Boarder—"But why are those trees bending over so far?"

Farmer—"You would bend over too Miss, if you were as full o' green apples as those trees are."

* * *

Here lies S. Anderson—

His life is past,

Flags half-mast,

He was the last,

Who ever sassed—G. C. McAdam.

* * *

Mr. Scott—"Cooper, would you run up that blind. It's very dark in here."

Cooper—"I am not much of a climber, but I'll do my best."

* * *

Pat

An Irishman applied for a job at a gas plant.

"What can you do?" asked the foreman.

"Almost anything," answered the applicant.

"Well," said the foreman, "you seem alright, could you wheel in a barrow of smoke?"

"Sure—Fill it up for me."

* * *

Margaret (in French period)—"Je t'adore."

Ivan—"Shut it yourself."

* * *

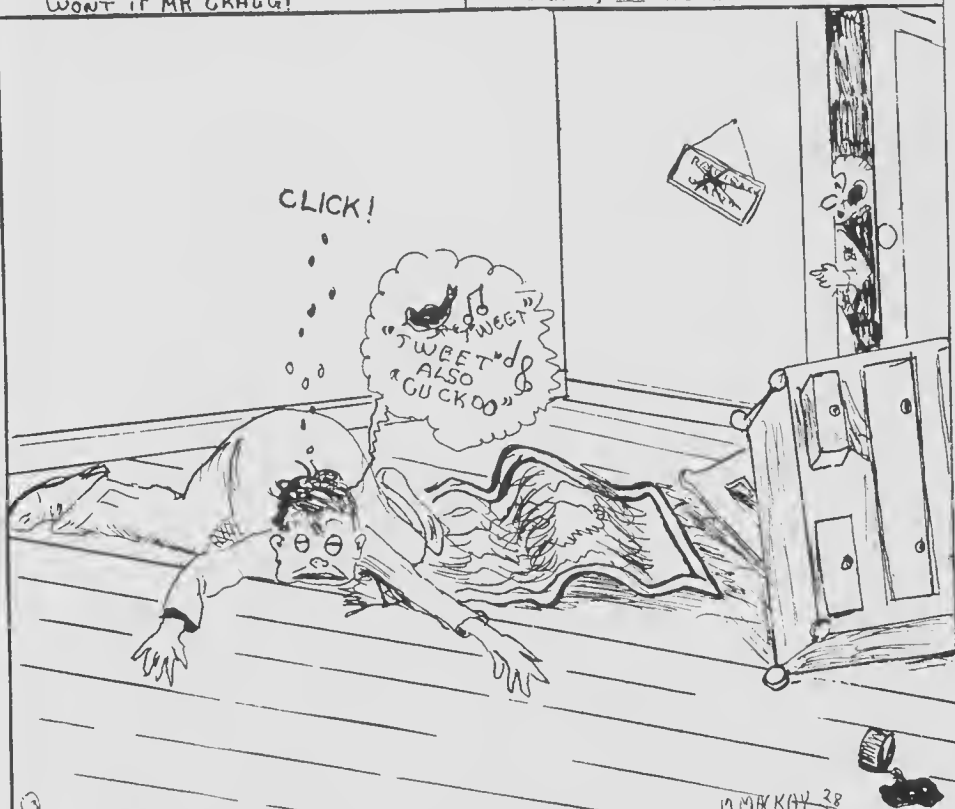


" — SO THE EDITOR WENT MAD!"



"OH! MR. GRAGG - I WON'T BE ABLE TO HAND IN THAT ARTICLE TILL NEXT WEEK! THAT WILL BE ALL RIGHT, WON'T IT MR GRAGG?"

"ARTHUR THIS STUFF IS ABOMINABLE!
I CAN'T POSSIBLY ALLOW YOU TO
PUBLISH IT. IT MUST BE REWRITTEN AND
AS IT'S LATE, YOU HAD BETTER DO IT!"



AND SO THE EDITOR WENT MAD-- HE
WRECKED THE FURNITURE AND
ATTACKED, WITH MURDEROUS INTENT,
UNFORTUNATE MR. T. --- WHO HAPPENED
TO BE SPEAKING TO HIM AT THE TIME. NO
LOGICAL EXPLANATION CAN BE GIVEN
FOR MR. GRACE'S DEPLORABLE CONDUCT

UP TO THE PRESENT, WE ARE
SORRY TO SAY, MR. CRAIG
HAS REMAINED INSANE. HE IS
CONTINUALLY MUTTERING-
"EXPLAIN YOURSELF. EXPLAIN
THIS UNREASONABLE DELAY." HE
WILL REMAIN AT HIS HOME UNTIL HE
IS STRONG ENOUGH TO BE MOVED TO
SAFER QUARTERS.

EXPERT DIAGNOSIS

I once heard a story of an Englishman who got into a railway compartment with an old countryman, who proceeded to smoke a very dirty old pipe of extremely rank tobacco. At length he felt he could bear it no longer.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I am a doctor of twenty years experience, and I think I ought to tell you that, in my opinion, every case of cancer of the throat I have treated, has been caused by the smoking of bad tobacco."

The old farmer went on puffing for a few moments, then he removed his pipe to say: "Well I've had sixty years experience, and I think I ought to tell you that, in my opinion, every case of a black eye and a bashed-in nose, I ever met, has been caused by folks interfering with other folks' business."

* * *

Miss Kaulbach—Give the conjugation of the verb "to smile."

Student—Je me grin, tu te giggle, il se laugh, nous nous cacklons, vous vous splitez, ils se burstent.

* * *

Mrs. McMillan—"It's general education that we want. You ask the average man when Right of Search wasn't king of the bootleggers, and he can't tell you."

* * *

It rains alike upon the just
And on the unjust fellows,—
But more upon the just, because
The unjust swipe umbrellas.

* * *

The latest one is to the effect that a Scotchman was so averse to painful operations that he asked for an anaesthetic when he was afraid he was going to have his leg pulled.

* * *

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son.

"I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly," said his mother. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

* * *

An optimist had recently got a job, and a friend asked him how he liked it.

"Oh, I'm pretty much my own master," he said, "I can get there any time before eight, and leave when I like after six."

Howard F. (translating Ovid)—“Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck; and that’s as far as I got.”

Mr. Menzies—“Well, Howard, I think that is far enough.”

* * *

Marshall (on phone)—“Yes, this is the fire department. Do you want to report a fire?”

New Bride—“Oh, no, I just want to order some coal for the winter.”

* * *

History teacher—“Henry won—1173.”

Ivan S. (waking up)—“Ye gods!—some score.”

* * *

Under a picture in an art gallery there hangs a printed card which bears the words:

“Do not touch with canes or umbrellas.”

An appreciative small boy added the following postscript:

“Take an axe.”

* * *

SHE’S ALL WET

Her hair was the color of ’lasses,
As soft as a bundle of wire;
An’ birds make their nests in its fastness—
If they didn’t I sure am a liar.

Her eyes were as bright as old saddles,
And crossed on the end of her nose;
Her hands were as shapely as paddles,
And hung almost down to her toes.

Her cheeks were as smooth as the cactus,
As pink as a big hunk of mud;
At primpin’ she was always in practice,
She was daintily shaped like a tub.

Her voice was as sweet as the foghorn’s,
It sounded as soft as a scream;
I’m scared to roll up in my blankets,
For fear that of her I shall dream!

(With apologies to Longfellow).

* * *

Torchy—“I clearly had the right-of-way when this man ran into me; yet you say that I was to blame.”

The Cop—“You certainly were.”

Torchy—“Why?”

The Cop—“Well, his father’s mayor, his brother is chief of police, and I am engaged to his sister.”

Archibald McP.—“What do you mean by telling her I’m a fool?”

Jack B.—“I’m sorry; I didn’t know it was a secret.”

* * *

Tommy McK.—“It was enough to make a donkey laugh—I laughed until I cried.” Then he wondered why everyone smiled.

* * *

THE BATTLE FIELD OF IXB

Mr. Asselstine starts every morning off by using his heavy geometric artillery in Grade IXB. Many are the victims from the terrific fire of the large guns. The heroine, Miss Macleod, and the energetic Epstein, are even lowered in their prestige, and when they start falling, we all fall. The room is soon nothing but a great field of carnage. We are making a final desperate stand, when suddenly, faint but sure, the life-saving-bell rings. Cries of: “Long Live IXB” are heard throughout all parts of the school. The guns are again quiet, and we live on for another siege.

J. L., IXB.



* * *

A little girl, staying at her uncle's, begged to be allowed to milk the cow. Supplying her with the necessary equipment, her uncle sent her down to milk the gentlest cow in the yard. After a few moments, she returned with a much battered stool. On being asked what happened, she replied, “I couldn’t make the darn old cow sit down on the stool.”

* * *



DON'TS

Don't be too surprised if Betty Buckley and Georgina Dunlop are early.

Don't try the physics questions, they are too hard.

Don't take Miss Kaulbach's word in literature; wait till she asks Gerald's opinion.

Don't answer a Geometry question—You might be wrong.

Don't spare yourself during a spare.

Don't Freeze with a Ford, but Park'er beside the road; Steele a ride in Howard's car and I'll Grant you'll be home before the Robbins sing.

* * *

Man (to artist)—“Will you paint my portrait?”

Artist—“I'm not a cartoonist, sir!”

DA GENTLEMAN DAT DID IT

A negro was charged with chicken stealing. He was at the court early and before the case was called the Judge saw him and asked his name.

"Ma name's Johnsing, ya' Honah," said the negro.

"Are you the defendant in this case?" asked the Judge.

"No, sah," replied the negro. "I'se got a lawyer to do ma defending, I'se da gentleman dat stole dem chickens."

* * *

Dann (proposing)—"I've saved up enough money to live at the rate of 5 thousand a year."

Dorothy F.—"Oh, how splendid!"

Dann (finishing)—"For three months."

* * *

CHAFF FROM THE STAFF

"The class will take their homework books."

"Rubbish."

"Prenez le morceau du papier!—ecrivez!"

"And now you will give your attention to me please at once."

"Close all exercise books and text books!"

"Report to XC tonight."

"I'm not an Encyclopaedia. I can't answer all questions."

* * *

Smart—"What simple English word of five letters is never pronounced right, even by the most learned scholars?"

Dull—"Dunno. What?"

Smart—"Why 'wrong,' of course."

* * *

"Well, I came down with flying colors," said the painter, who fell off the ladder with a pot of paint in each hand.

* * *

First Passenger (in taxi)—"Do you think the motor-car will displace the horse?"

Second Passenger—"Yes, if it hits him."

* * *

Jack—"I have an awful cold in my head."

Clifford—"Well, that's better than nothing."

* * *

An optimist is a bald-headed man who carries a comb in his pocket.

"Did you hear the story about this mountain?"

"No. What is it?"

"It's all bluff."

* * *

Mr. Woodman—"What are the effects of heat and cold?"

Willis—"Heat expands and cold contracts a body."

Mr. Woodman—"Give me an example."

Willis—"In summer the days are longer and in winter they are shorter."

* * *

LIMERICK

There once was a teacher, Miss E.

She took up a spare in IXB,

She said to one lass

You're disturbing the class

So come to my room at 10C.

* * *

I had a little text book,

Its name was Chemistry;

I lent it to a laddie

To study it one day;

He blotted it, he swatted it,

He dropped it i' the mire.

I wouldn't lend my Chemistry

For any person's hire.—(Exchange).

* * *

Typical Question in Arithmetic

If peanuts cost ten cents a dozen, and ships sail on roller skates, how many lolly pops at a nickel each would it take to paint the Parliament Buildings at Cochrane?

* * *

Gilmore McL.—"You know, my girl reminds me of a washday."

Quinton M.—"How so?"

Gil.—"Nothing to her but clothes, pins, and heavy line."

* * *

The latest scientific announcement is that the earth has a great crust, 36 miles thick. It is believed that this gives the world a slight edge on Hoyt Snelson.

* * *

Dixon—"I hear that sheep are the most stupid animals in the world."

Olive—"Yes, my lamb, they are."

Cole—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"
 Smith—"I would get a shine."

* * *



"Why Boys go to
 School."
 at all.

* * *

FROM XIA

The past thirty years have seen marvelous advances in the field of mechanical transportation. There are the automobile, the balloon, the dirigible, the airplane, and, last of all, the Ford.

However, XIA ventures to predict that the wonder-machine of the century—nay, of all time—has yet to make its appearance: for, when McArthur takes out a patent on his WONDER WIND-DRIVEN SPACE-DEFYER, of what use will be all the airplanes, dirigibles, and Fords, (yes, even New Fords) that now encumber the earth?

In a confidential interview, McArthur tells us that he has now all the body designs completed, and intends to continue, for about ten more years, the task that is keeping him busy at present—that is, the storing of hot air as a supply of motive-power for his SPACE-DEFYER.

XIA would also like to mention that the young inventor seems to be having some difficulty in keeping his hot-air in storage.

ERITH SMITH, XIA.

* * *

"If Mississippi were to wear Missouri's New Jersey, what would Delaware?"

"I don't know—"Alaska."

XIII LIBRARY

Tom Baker	Count of Monte Cristo
Donald Blaine	Gentleman of Courage
Donald Becker and Howard Becker	Brothers Under the Skin
Ruth Walsh	Lost Ecstasy
Gladys Ross	The Girl of the Limberlost
Kathryn Loftsgarden	Such Fun
Marion Black	Much Ado about Nothing
Pat Lang	Gentleman of Leisure
Robert Bray	When a Man's a Man
Beth Carscallen	The Constant Nymph
Art. Buckley	The Joyous Troublemaker
Beatrice Grant	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Cameron Jamieson	Rhymes of Childhood
Cyril Walsh	The Last of the Vikings
Betty Buckley	The Flirt
Phyllis Steele	The Divine Lady
Georgina Dunlop	Six Feet Four
Jessie Calder	The Happy Warrior
Doris Cormie	The Strolling Saint
Arthur Cragg	The Little Minister
Hal Howard	The Student Prince
Betty Harvie	The Lady of the Mount
O. Crane	The Boy Hunter
Mary Currie	The Silent Call
Dorothy Ford and Dorothy Freeze	Sinners in Heaven
Keith Munroe	How to Argue and Win
Edith Seville	The Siren of Seville
Alfred Stiernotte	The Eighth Wonder
Ronald Harris	Daddy Long Legs
Blanche Bennetsen	As You Like It
Harold Robbins	The Prodigal Son
"Hloot" Gibson	While the Earth Shook
Helen James	The Chatterbox
Kenneth White	The Old Curiosity Shop
George Dann	The Valley of Silent Men
Zella Oliver	The Aristocratic Miss Brewster
Morton Freeman	The Amateur Gentleman
Gerald White	The Perennial Bachelor
Robert Wallace	Arms and the Woman
Pat. Parker	The Virgin Queen

A certain politician was electioneering for a parliamentary candidate. He met a Swede one day, and accosted him thus:

"Well Otto, what do you think of brother Lewis?"

"Oi tank he bain one good man."

"What do you think of Bray?"

"Oi tank he bain one good man."

"Come on now," said the electioneer in a burst of confidence, "who do you think has the best show?"

"Well!" said the Swede after a moment of deliberation, "Oi tank Barnum and Bailey has de best show."

They delight all living creatures,
With their captivating features,
And beguile the critic teachers.—XIB.

They are wise and gay, and witty,
As any in the city,
And most of them are pretty.—XIB.

And taking them all round,
From their heads down to the ground,
They're the best that can be found.—XIB.

* * *

MR. TROUT

Who with rod of iron holds sway,
So must we follow in his way,
And do his English every day,—Mr. Trout.

Who hasteneth to every class,
To find and catch a lad or lass,
Who in the hall would let it pass,—Mr. Trout.

Who gives us lessons in high glee,
That in pleasure he may see,
Our working hours swiftly flee,—Mr. Trout.

Who is it calls us children dear,
Whose voice is it we love to hear?—Mr. Trout.

—XIB.

* * *

He—"Fly with me?"

She—"Is this an aviation or
matrimonial proposal?"

* * *

Just So

"My word! I'm badly over worked."

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, this and that."

"When?"

"Now and then."

"Where?"

"Here and there."

"Well, you must need a holiday."



Hush little first year,
 Don't you cry;
 You may get into Grade XII
 Bye and bye.

* * *

Dr. Hutchinson—"My boy, why are you out in the hall?"
 Jim Robinson—"Oh, for crying out loud."

* * *

Algebra

Oh, Algy is a subject
 In which but few succeed;
 I don't know why we take it,
 It's something we don't need.

It means long hours of homework
 Solving for x and y ,
 And I can never find them,
 However hard I try.

Again its variations
 Or some progressions dumb
 To find how long, etc.,
 Until your brain is numb.

Some birds are wizards at it,
 But punk at other things;
 Take hockey for example,
 They couldn't skate with wings.

And what's the good of all this,
 When through the jail you've gone?
 You'll never need equations
 To sing the "Prisoner's Song."

* * *

Small Boy—"Daddy, what is 'college-bred?' Is it the same as ordinary bread?"

Father (grimly)—"No, my boy, it is a four year's loaf."

* * *

An old German had a boy of whom he was very proud, and he decided to find out the trend of his mind. He adopted a novel method by which to test him. He slipped into the boy's room one morning and placed on a table a bottle of whiskey, a Bible, and a silver dollar. "Now," he said, "when dot boy comes in, if he takes dot dollar he's going to be a beeznis man; if he takes dot Bible he's going to be a breacher; if he takes dot viskey, he's no good, and is going to be a drunkard." Then he hid behind a door to see which his son would choose. In came the boy, whistling. He stepped up to the table, picked up the Bible, and put it under his arm; then picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket; snatched up the bottle, took two or three drinks and went out smacking his lips. The German poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed: "Mein Gott! he's going to be a bolitician!"



YELLS FOR C.C.I.

Ki-yi, ki-yi, ky yickety flin,
Come out of your shell and watch us win,
We're wild, we're woolly, we're rough like a saw;
Central Collegiate—Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

* * *

With a veevo, with a vivo,
With a veevo, vivo vum;
Johnny get a cat-trap bigger than a rat-trap!
Johnny get a rat-trap bigger than a cat-trap!

Cannibals, Cannibals,

Sis! Boom! Bah!

C.C.I.! C.C.I.! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

* * *

Cheese and Crackers,
Cheese and Bread,
Where's your backers?
They're all dead.
Who put 'em that way?
'Twas us, I guess—
C.C.I.! C.C.I.! Yes! Yes! Yes!

* * *

Yell, Yell—we have no Yell,
But when we yell, we yell like ——
Baby in a high chair—
Who put her there?
Ma—Pa—Sis! Boom! Bah!
C.C.I.! C.C.I.! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

* * *

Barney Google! Andy Gump!
We've got —— on the jump.
Oh!! Min!!

Strawberry shortcake
 Huckleberry pie
 V-i-c-t-o-r-y,
 Are we in it?
 Well I guess—
 'Top o' the morning C. H. S.

* * *

Feed 'em oats,
 Feed 'em hay—
 Anything to stop that bray.

* * *

Kick 'em in the shins!
 Sock 'em in the jaw!
 Put 'em in the cemetery,
 Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

* * *

Clickety Click—Clickety-Clack,
 Who'll put ——— on its back,
 Central, Central, Sis! Boom! Bah!
 C.C.I. C.C.I. Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

* * *

Boom chicka boom; boom chicka boom,
 Boom chicka chicka chicka
 Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!
 Rip ray ray!! Rip ray ray !!
 C.C.I. C.C.I. win today!!!

* * *

Wrigley's! Wrigley's! Spearmint Gum!
 Who'll put ——— on the bum?
 We will! We will!
 Who are we?
 Central High School!! Can't you see!!

* * *

The worms crawl in!
 The worms crawl out!!
 ——— is wormy, in and out!!
 Oo-oo-o-o!!! Oo-o-o-o-!!!
 Cheese!!!

* * *

Make 'em lean!
 Make 'em totter!
 Central High School!!
 Out for slaughter!!!

* * *

C—E—N—T—R—A—L,
 C—E—N—T—R—A—L,
 C—E—N—T—R—A—L,
 Central!! Central!!! CENTRAL!!!

Le Coin Français



Dans trois mois les étudiants du grade XII. vont avoir fini leurs études. Ils vont emporter des connaissances très approfondies (?) sur beaucoup de sujets enseignés à Central High School. Ils seront pénétrés du savoir et de la sagesse ineffables de leurs seize illustres professeurs. Ils auront accaparé pour leur emploi futur les découvertes des hommes de science tels que Newton, Képler, Davy, Lavoisier, et les pensées des poètes comme Keats, Shelley, Browning, Dryden, Wordsworth, Milton. En outre, en lisant Ruskin ils seront inspirés par son panégyrique de la créature la plus exquise du monde: la femme . . . Ils vont sans doute remuer le monde . . .

Nous conseillons à certain de continuer leurs études à l'Université de l'Alberta. Nous ne doutons pas des succès des uns, mais il nous semble que d'autres ne tarderont pas à émettre leur thèse de doctorat sur le foot-ball, le rugby, et le charleston . . . Nous aimerions à persuader d'autres encore de prendre des positions responsables dans la communauté telles que l'appropriation temporaire et inconditionnée d'automobiles arrêtés aux coins des rues. Aux fils à papa, nous donnerons l'avis de vivre, comme ils l'ont toujours fait, aux dépens de leurs parents. Quant aux jeunes filles, nous savons que leurs charmes toujours croissants leur procureront sans délai une position d'actrice de cinéma à mille dollars par semaine dans les studios d'Hollywood . . .

Mais dans cet exposé plus ou moins élaboré . . . de conseils pour les gradués de C.C.I., nous n'avons pas encore parlé de l'amour. Toutefois, nous savons que les jeunes gens d'aujourd'hui sont maîtres du flirt, et que celui qui écrit ces lignes en sait beaucoup moins qu'eux en cette matière. Cependant, nous ne voudrions pas passer sur ce sujet important sans mentionner quelques points. Comme 1928 est une année bissextile, nous engageons fortement nos camarades à se tenir hors du chemin des veuves traîtresses et des vieilles filles . . . Nous voudrions plutôt leur suggérer de prendre par un beau clair de lune le Studebaker de leur père et d'aller faire une langoureuse promenade en auto sur la "Banff Trail."

Un mot avant de finir. Si nos chers lecteurs et lectrices voient rouge en lisant ce résumé de leurs futures prouesses et nos conseils à cet effet, nous leur dirons avec notre plus tendre sourire que c'est sans aucune pensée de meurtre que nous avons écrit ces lignes, mais pour leur propre divertissement.

Sept colonels sont réunis et aucun d'eux ne parle. Quel est le supérieur?
Réponse: Le silence parce qu'il est "général."

Adolphe: Je parie que tu ne peux pas me dire ce qui tient les briques ensemble dans une maison.

Jules: Le mortier, parbleu!

Adolphe: Tu te trompes, le mortier, au contraire, les sépare.

M. Scott: Connaissez-vous une plante qui ne porte ni feuilles ni fruits
L'élève: Oui, monsieur; c'est la plante des pieds.

Dans l'omnibus, M. Berlureau, accompagné de son épouse, se plaint d'avoir trop chaud.

Mme. Berlureau: Tu vois . . . je t'avais dit de prendre ton pardessus; tu aurais dû m'écouter! . . .

M. Berlureau: Mais puisque j'ai trop chaud! . . .

Mme. Berlureau: Précisément, si tu avais ton pardessus, maintenant tu pourrais le retirer . . .

Un cambrioleur comparaissait dernièrement en justice. Il essaya d'abord de nier son délit, mais le juge lui démontra qu'il avait en mains toutes les preuves qui le condamnaient.

Il lui fit un exposé très net de ce qu'il avait dû faire entre son heure d'entrée dans la maison cambriolée et son heure de sortie, de la façon dont il avait dû procéder. Et, quand il eût fini, satisfait, d'avoir si bien reconstitué le mauvais emploi du temps du voleur, il lui dit:

—N'est-ce pas ainsi que avez opéré?

—Pas tout à fait, répondit aimablement l'inculpé, mais votre méthode est meilleure que la mienne. La prochaine fois, je l'emploierai!

—Tenez, mère Mathurin, mon fils a remporté un prix!

—Je comprends vos émotions, madame; j'avions passé par là quand notre porc a remporté une médaille au concours agricole!

Je suis le premier être humain à avoir gravi ce pic inaccessible . . . mais qui le prouvera?

—Rassurez-vous, monsieur, un protographe est installé au sommet! . . .

—Nous sommes allés entendre la "Condammation de Faust."

—C'est en correctionnelle qu'il est passé? . . .

—Bonjour, chère amie; venez donc dîner chez moi . . .

—Impossible! Je vais voir "Polyeucte!" . . .

—Oh! cela ne fait rien, vous pouvez l'amener aussi.

—Ce chapeau vous rajeunit de dix ans, madame!

—Achetez-en deux, ma chère!

Le Professeur: Thierry que firent les Hébreux après être sortis de la Mer Rouge.

L'élève: Ils se séchèrent, monsieur—[Mer Rouge?]

Si ça continue, Marie, je prendrai une autre servante . . .

—Madame pent . . . Il y a assez d'ouvrage pour deux!

Le Cercueil de Tartarin

Enhardi par les succès de sa chasse au lion d'Algérie, l'illustre Tartarin (de Tarascon) s'est laissé entraîner par quelques amis: il est parti au Tonkin où il y chasse le tigre.

Un soir—soir à jamais néfaste!—il tombe sous la griffe d'un de ces terribles félins. Immédiatement ses amis câblent la triste nouvelle à sa famille demeurée en Europe.

"Envoyez le déponille mortelle," télégraphie la famille.

Les amis font le nécessaire et annoncent:

"Funèbre colis arrivera trente février."

Au jour indiqué, la famille voit arriver, dans une forte cage . . . un magnifique tigre vivant!

On télégraphie aussilôt au Tonkin:

"Avons reçu tigre vivant, mais pas déponille de Tartarin."

Et la réponse arrive quarante—huit heures plus tard:

"Tartarin dans tigre. Ouvrez."

—Vous savez, mon cher Américain, il y a longtemps que mon cœur est en Amérique . . .

—J'avais commencé avant vous . . . En 1918, j'ai laissé une de mes jambes dans l'Argonne.

Entre femmes

—Alors le diamant, c'est ce qu'il y a de plus dur? . . .

—A se faire offrir, oui.

Le Capitaine: Le Nord est devant vous, l'Est à droite, l'Ouest à gauche. Qu'avez-vous derrière vous?

Le Soldat: Une femme et deux gosses, mon Capitaine.

--Madame, c'est l'Américain de Cannes, faut-il que je tâche de comprendre ce qu'il demande?

--Tâche plutôt de comprendre ce qu'il offre.

Premier: Vous voulez travailler à ma laiterie? Mais vous n'y connaissez rien.

Postulant: Ah! pardon, je suis un ancien employé de la Compagnie des Eaux.

--Je voudrais faire une surprise à mon fiancé. Que me conseilles-tu?

--Avoue-lui ton âge.

Dans un salon au faubourg Saint-Germain deux messieurs se parlent. Une très jolie blonde pass.

--Avez-vous vu cette dame exquise? dit le plus jeune à son compagnon. Eh bien! J'en suis fou. Je lui ai fait la cour pour bien longtemps, mais sans succès.

Si vous réussissez, répondit l'autre, dites-le moi.

--Pourquoi?

--Parce que c'est ma femme.

Le vendeur d'automobile: Aloys, vous avez bien compris le mécanisme?

L'acheteur: Très bien; mais un dernier renseignement: doit-on mettre l'eau et l'essence dans le même trou?

Voyous, mademoiselle, une fois pour toutes, voulez-vous être ma femme?

--Mais, mon ami, si j'étais sûre que ça ne soit qu'une fois pour toutes, j'accepterais volontiers.

--J'avais l'habitude de dormir en fumant et de brûler les draps, mais je viens d'avoir un bon remède.

--Ne plus fumer?

--Non, retirer les draps.

Quel Cadeau!

Le Juge: Quand êtes-vous né?

Le Prisonnier: (aucune réponse).

Le Juge: Allez-vous me répondre? Quel est votre anniversaire?

Le Prisonnier: Qu'est-ce que cela peut vous faire? Vous n'allez rien me donner.

Le Juge: Mais si, je vais vous donner six mois de prison.

Entre Voleurs

--Combien peut valoir ce collier de perles?

--Un an de prison.

--Félicitations, mon cher procureur, trois accusés, trois condamnés à mort!

--Oh, pour les deux premiers, je n'ai aucun mérite, ils étaient coupables!

--Arthur, on dit ici que l'oxygène est indispensable à la vie et qu'il a été découvert par Lavoisier. Alors, comment vivait-on avant?

--Au premier abord, il semble bête.

--Et au deuxième?

--Au deuxième, on voit qu'il l'est.

Le Moribond: Jean, dites-moi la vérité, ma dernière heure est venue?

Jean: Je ne sais pas, monsieur, la pendule est arrêtée.

On donne un cours de civilisation à la Sorbonne pour les étudiants américains. C'est sans doute pour les civiliser!...

L'ENVOI

And now you have come to the end of our magazine. We trust that you have enjoyed it, that you have benefitted from it, and that you will treasure it as a souvenir of your High School days. We have spent much time and energy in the publication of this number of the *Analecta* but we feel that our efforts have not been altogether in vain and that we have produced something that is worthy of the school which the *Analecta* represents. It has been our aim to portray faithfully all phases of student life so that an outsider reading this annual could get a clear idea of life at C.C.I. We have included several new features, such as the French Corner, the messages from former editors and class pages for every room. We hope you have appreciated them, particularly the latter.

The staff of the *Analecta* realize, of course, that they have made many blunders and mistakes which should not have occurred, but we plead inexperience and fervently hope that succeeding generations will profit by our errors and produce a magazine even larger, better and more worthy of the school than this one.

In closing, I wish to draw your attention to the fact that the publication of such a book as this requires the expenditure of a large sum of money. Printing, paper, cuts, taxes and prizes, all take their toll and expenses mount up in a most astonishing manner. Thus the total cost of one copy of the *Analecta* is 85c, while we sell it for 50c. The extra money has to be made up in some manner and so we turn to advertising. Were it not for our advertisers we would be entirely unable to finance our undertaking, and so we take this opportunity of thanking them for their very kind co-operation and assistance. We urge that you read the advertising sections and that you patronize our advertisers extensively. You will find only the most reliable firms among them—business men whom you can trust implicitly and who will give you full value for your money.

Let me thank you all for your support of this venture; allow me to request your support of future *Analectas*; and permit me to extend greetings to the next staff of the *Analecta*, whoever they may be.

And so farewell.

—THE EDITOR.



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L. Kaulbach.

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J. Elliott

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Mr. Stanley

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G. McEwen.

Vivian Kepler

J. Reid 10E

J. Proutgomery

John McNeill

J. du Tennant

Kenneth Barton

Warren

George Henderson

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 John McKinnon

Don Birnie

Becky Gardner

Elyse Watkins

Ellen Baker

Margaret Harvey

John Avery

J. DeLish

J. M. Gardner

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Audrey L. L. L.
 Elizabeth Gump

J. I. Ferguson
 Donald Blaine

Luis Eason

R. E. D. L. L.
 H. M. Moore

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Edward Blow
Antonie L. Brown.

N. L. Watson

G. L. Linn

Geo. L. Linn

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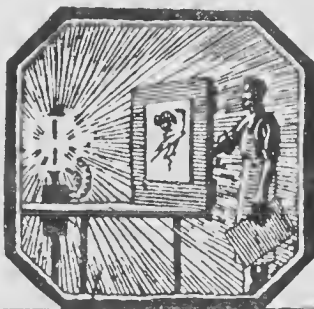
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